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CONTEMPORARY DUTCH PAINTING.

(AS ILLUSTRATED AT THE FAIR.)

BY LILLIE GILL DERBY.

To attempt within the limits of a brief paper to comprehend contemporary Dutch painting, or even such part of it as was illustrated at the World's Columbian Exposition, would be worse than futile. Therefore one acknowledges in the beginning one's limitations, and aspires only to a cursory view of the Dutch painting displayed at the Fair, venturing here and there, it may be, on more minute examination.

Having surveyed the pictures produced by other nations, most of the canvases brilliant-hued, rejoicing perhaps in delightful chromatic harmonies, perhaps composed of excruciating discords, differing endlessly in subject, and varying from a degree of merit approaching perfection to profound depths of worthlessness, one entered the gray-tinted galleries of Holland with a sigh of restfulness and content. The effort to discriminate between the good and the bad was no longer necessary in the general excellence. Nature, animate or inanimate, was the almost universal theme, and the small canvases with their soft colors were a relief to tired eyes.

The Dutch pictures drew one irresistibly to return again and again, and with each succeeding visit comprehension of them, and consequently admiration for them was increased. Renewed acquaintance refined to greater delicacy one's sensitiveness to

their exquisite feeling and revealed subtle beauties that at first were not perceived. For the attractiveness of the Holland pictures had not that conspicuous quality that clamors loudly for admiration; it was a modest loveliness that appealed to all with gentle, although irresistible, insistence. More and more was realized the marvelous eloquence to be expressed in tones of gray — there seems no limit to the meaning that Dutch painters can infuse into varying shades of this sober color — and one was impressed by the high standard to which the exhibition as a whole attained.

In considering the pictures individually, it is natural to turn first to the canvas that occupied the place of honor in the Holland galleries, Jozef Israels' "Alone in the World." Painted in a low key befitting the portrayal of death and bereavement, and treated with a simple dignity almost sublime, the picture is far more touching than any violent expression of grief could be. There is no suggestion of theatrical affectation, no elaboration of woe, only a simplicity of sorrow infinitely pathetic. The shadows of night gather softly about the figure of the dead wife, old and work-worn, lying now so still, with her hands peacefully folded on the coverlet of the bed; the furnishings of the rude interior are obscured in the deepening twilight, and all is subordinate to the tragedy of the old man's sorrow. He sits, staring dully before him, stunned



Painting by H. J. Martens.

"Love's Dream."

Berlin Photo. Co.

and helpless, the darkness of night descending upon him as the gloom of his loneliness envelops him, dimming all else. The pathos, the terrible tragedy of it are indescribable; but withal there is no suggestion of anything horrible or awesome in death. The dominant idea is the grief of the bereaved old man. But few of the details of the poor Dutch interior, scant and simple at best, are distinguishable through the darkness that veils the room. On a rude table, to the left of the picture, just in front of a window through which struggles the fading light, are a small jug and a glass. A few articles on a shelf at the back of the room, and here and there some simple piece of furniture are discernible when one has grown accustomed to the semi-obscurity. The details of the composition one has to look for to find; they do not in any way obtrude themselves. As for technique, the picture is verily an example of "the art that conceals art"; an

illustration of the perfection of workmanship, that effaces itself in the finished production and renders the beholder oblivious of the manner in which the effects were achieved.

Israels' tender sympathy with the humble and lowly, to the representation of whose lives he has devoted his brush almost exclusively, is shown again in the picture entitled, "Fisherwomen of Zandvoort." It is an upright canvas, showing three women and a child with fish-baskets strapped over their shoulders, the whole enveloped in a remarkable richness and depth of coloring. Israels is a strong draughtsman and a strong painter, but it is always the intense feeling in his pictures that most appeals to one. In "Fisherwomen of Zandvoort" is an epitome of the lives of these lowly people, an expression of the sad poetry of their existence. The melancholy charm of the picture touches most deeply and lingers in the memory long after the details of the composition



Painting by Blommers.

"Fishing for Shrimps at Scheveningen."

Berlin Photo, Co.

have been lost to vivid recollection. Israels is to the fisher folk of Holland what Millet was to the peasants of France.

But Israels does not always select a melancholy theme. His sympathies, delicately sensitive, respond to cheerful notes as well as to minor strains; but there is always a certain seriousness in his conceptions—nothing, to him, being trivial—and the tenderness with which his work is imbued is almost sad in its intensity. His work of this character is well exemplified in the picture that bears the title, "Sweet Home." A quaint Dutch interior is shown, with the usual windows of small square panes, partially screened by white muslin ruffles that serve as curtains. A demure little maiden sits sewing industriously. On the rough wooden table before her are ranged a pot of flowers, her basket of work and a spool of thread absurdly large. Anything more delightful it would be difficult to imagine, and the appreciative artist has not only wrought on the canvas the intrinsic charm of the scene,

but has invested it with all his own poetic personality.

Besides a small canvas showing the head of a fisherman, strongly painted and excellent in its delineation of character, Israels also contributed to the Dutch section a charming picture entitled, "Summer Day on the Shore." It represents a group of children playing in the water, their little legs bare to the knee; and well exemplifies the artist's tender depiction of the freshness, simplicity and guilelessness of childhood, revealing at the same time the sweetness of his own nature. His free, simple touch is especially appropriate to a subject such as this. The colors he has used are sober, but rich, and the humidity of the atmosphere and the wetness of the water are extremely well rendered.

The Loan Collection, also, boasted a canvas from the brush of Israels, a small picture entitled, "A Frugal Meal," showing the usual Dutch cottage interior, with the family of the house gathered around the table eating their simple repast.

Jozef Israels, who is a Hebrew, was born at Amsterdam in 1824, and studied under Kruseman in his native city, and under Picot in Paris. He has achieved many medals and distinctions all over the world, and is an officer of the Legion of Honor and Chevalier of the Order of Leopold. He resides at The Hague, where he lives the quiet, retired life that one understands, from the noble simplicity that characterizes his work, would best accord with his tastes. His house is surrounded with grounds laid out, somewhat after the English fashion, with trim flower-beds. While not obtrusively artistic in its decorations, the house itself is thoroughly charming and harmonious in all its appointments. His own bedroom, with its box-bed, the little study opening from it, where he does his reading and occasionally a little sketching, and his larger studios, are especially interesting. The wood-work is entirely of ebony, against which the blue and white of the many pieces of Delft china and the yellow of the wrought brass ornaments are very effective. The floors are highly polished; a few rugs and furs are scattered here and there.

Israels' brush has been devoted almost entirely to the depiction of scenes in the lives of the lowly, but he has also attained success when attempting historical subjects. It is the suffering and poverty of life that most interest and touch him, however, and his work reveals the tender sympathy he feels for all in sorrow and distress.

His fondness for children is another characteristic trait, evidenced in his kindness to little models, whose childish hearts he wins, and who, in return, communicate to him something of their own sweet simplicity. Many a poor young artist, too, has cause to call him blessed. It is said of him that he never refuses aid to any struggling student, regardless of whether the young aspirant has talent or not, provided only that the love of art and the ambition are shown to be serious and true. His generous helpfulness is one of his salient qualities. A story is told that when some young artists

banded together for study, they asked Israels to give them criticisms at certain stated intervals, but he refused, saying; "All the world is ready to criticise. If you need help, come to me."

Besides Israels' "Frugal Meal," the Loan Collection contained two other examples of contemporary Dutch painting, a "Canal in Holland," by Jacob Maris, and a canvas signed by Anton Mauve, who died in 1888; but both artists could be better studied in the Holland section, where each was represented by several works, and where, in consequence, wider opportunity was afforded for consideration and judgment.

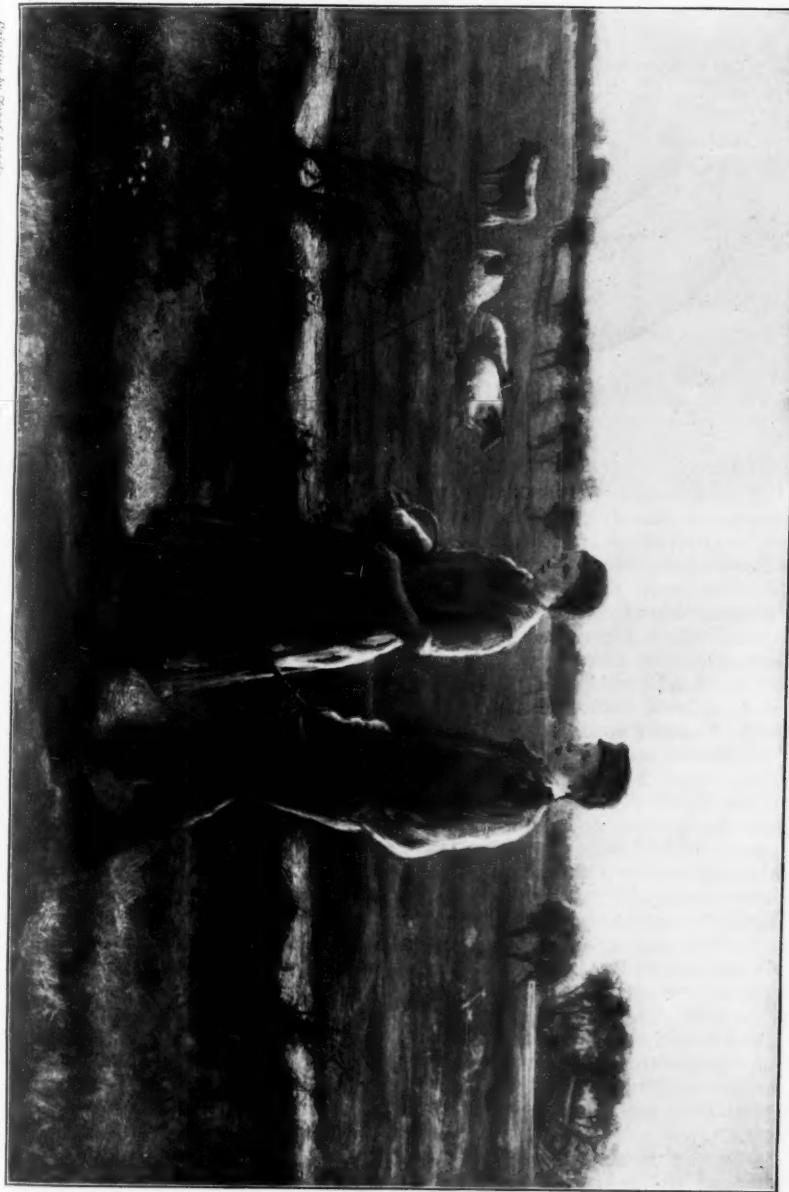
"Ploughing the Fields," by Anton Mauve, is an excellent illustration of the marvelous expressiveness, the range of vivid representation, attained by so many of these Dutch painters with a palette composed of grays and browns only. A man in the usual huge sabots is at work in the field. The plough, which he is directing, is of most primitive construction and is drawn by an ox. Stretches of earth that have been turned up on successive days show varying shades of color, differing where the soil is still moist and where it has dried out from longer exposure to air and wind. The picture is painted simply and broadly; it is well held together, the landscape and figures preserve their relative importance, neither being subordinate to the other; and the whole is enveloped in a tone of soft gray of which the sky, the earth, and even the green grass partake, with a pleasing resultant harmony. Lack of space unfortunately precludes description of the other paintings that illustrated at the Fair the genius of Mauve, but the titles, "Cows Going Home," "Wood Carts on the Heath," and "Pasture near the Dunes," sufficiently suggest the subjects; and the picture first referred to is characteristic of his restricted, but not monotonous, color-range, his simple technique, and the strong feeling for nature with which all his canvases are imbued.

In Dutch art one looks for fine marine painting as confidently as for

Painting by Paolo Veronese.

"The Bashful Suitor."

Metropolitan Museum.





Painting by Anton Mauve.

"Wood Carts on the Heath."

Berlin Photo. Co.

graphic delineation of the flat stretches of Holland landscape, and in the productions of Hendrik Willem Mesdag one's expectations are realized.

Possibly the finest picture he had at the Fair was the canvas entitled "Summer Morning at Scheveningen," in which the radiant effect of the sunbeams, as they dissolve and illumine the mists of the night, transforming the curtain of nocturnal vapors into a veil of amber haze, is rendered with a vividness that elicits most delighted admiration. The disc of the sun has not yet appeared above the clouds that bank the horizon, and in the luminous denseness of the atmosphere the stately ships, half real, half phantom-like, seem floating in a golden sea of dreams. In Mesdag's work is vividly presented the impression as a whole, the spirit of the scene he pictures, and on analysis one perceives that in detail he is equally graphic and true. He paints broadly and with a full brush, and certain strokes that are seemingly careless are in reality placed with thoughtful regard to the ultimate result.

One can scarcely imagine a collection of Holland paintings that would not contain a great many pictures of fat little Dutch babies. In the exhibition at the Fair there were babies

of every age and size, and variously occupied; babies enduring the torments of the toilet in stoical silence, babies partaking of refreshments from the inevitable pewter spoon, babies graciously deigning to accept the adulation of adoring parents, babies condescending to amuse themselves.

But of all the rosy, sturdy children, none was more winning than the one called "Mother's Delight," painted by Albert Neuhuys. The picture shows a peasant woman holding on her lap a chubby little baby and feeding it with a pewter spoon from out a pewter dish. She has slipped her arm protectingly about the child and gazes down with loving admiration at the baby face. In subject and in treatment the canvas is thoroughly characteristic of Neuhuys; indeed, as Neuhuys is himself a national type, it is characteristic of the Holland school, for the Dutch painters prefer to portray the lives of the lowly rather than scenes in which figure persons of higher degree. They select, as a rule, a simple and homely theme, and with them technique is of secondary importance to the feeling, the soul, of the painting. In this canvas by Neuhuys the details are meagre and plain. The mother wears the simple costume, with big sabots of her class; the chair on which



Painting by Elchanon Verweer.

Berlin Photo. Co.

"Gazing into the Horizon."

she is seated is a rough wooden article such as appears in all poor Dutch interiors; on the rudely constructed table are a pitcher and a pewter plate, and the background is merely suggested. But the expression of pride and delight in the mother's face is exquisitely rendered, and the child's evident enjoyment of its food makes one smile to see. The baby's profile is in itself amusing, with little nose up-tilted, eager lips pursed up to the spoon, and a quite absurd apology for a chin. Neuhuys paints broadly and solidly and in rather a low key, but before one considers the manner in which he lays on his colors, it is always the tender feeling in his pictures that is remarked.

The simple, unpretentious *genre* subjects that tempt the brush of Neuhuys, appeal also to B. J. Blommers, who contributed to the Fair four examples of his work. Each was worthy of studious attention. But since it is possible to consider one only, perhaps it would be best to select for analysis the canvas entitled, "Washing Day," a study of sunlight direct and reflected. In the picture is shown a peasant

woman, clad in a plain dark dress and wearing the usual sabots, washing clothes in a tub that rests on an inverted chair. A chubby baby sits on the floor feeding itself from a pewter plate, looking as solemn as possible the while. The child faces the spectator, with its back turned to the low window, through the small square panes of which, the curtains being drawn back, one may catch a charming glimpse of Holland landscape. The sunshine pours obliquely through the casement and falls on the kerchief-bound head of the woman bending over her tub, and on her arms bare to the elbow. It also falls on a green-painted door behind her, to the left of the picture, changing the tone almost to yellow. From there the light is reflected on to the stretch of white wall between the window and the door, thence it falls on the top of a red-painted chest, radiating a glow on the baby's face and becoming scintillant as it strikes the rim of the pewter plate. From the wall the brightness slants also on to the white clothes in the tub and thence lights up the woman's face. This theme of reflected



Painting by J. H. L. de Haas.

Berlin Photo, Co.

"Donkeys on the Shore."

light affords a most interesting study, and, difficult as the subject is, Blommers has handled it with apparent ease. The radiance seems fairly to live in its sparkle and movement, the figures are admirably done and the rustic interior is delightfully composed. But the canvas was hung near Israels' "Sweet Home," the picture in which figures the demure little Dutch maiden seated before a window, sewing industriously. In comparison, Blommers' touch seems coarse and heavy. In Israels' work there is an indescribable charm that his fellow-artists cannot attain. But it is scarcely fair to make the comparison, for Israels' peerlessness is unquestioned. To his loving Dutch admirers he is the "Modern Master."

It would be as well, perhaps, to revert at once to the representation of landscape, so important a division of Holland art. Two of the chief exponents of this branch of painting are the brothers Jacob and William Maris.

The latter contributed several very enjoyable canvases, fresh in color and interesting in composition. His pictures are usually landscapes with cattle, as the titles "Milking Time" and "Dutch Pasture" suggest. But William Maris does not infuse into his work the indefinable charm that marks the productions of his brother Jacob.

One feels this subtle fascination in each of the pictures signed by Jacob Maris, an artist famed for his land-

scape and for his marines. It would be almost superfluous to add, however, that in Holland the two branches of painting are so frequently united in the same composition that an artist strong in the delineation of landscape is almost certain to succeed in the representation of marine views. The singular attractiveness that the work of Jacob Maris possesses is manifest in the painting entitled "Dordrecht—Sun Effect," executed on a larger canvas than this artist usually employs. The picture affords

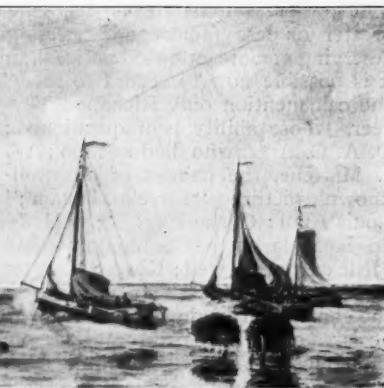
a bewitching glimpse of Dordrecht with its wharves, the boats at their moorings and a stretch of water occupying the foreground, while the buildings are seen beyond. The sunlight has pierced through the clouds, disclosing patches of blue—and it is for skies of this kind, showing depths of azure revealed through rents in the veils of the vaporous gray, that Jacob Maris is particularly famous. His peculiar charm is again in evidence in his picture "Canal at Rotterdam," a wonderful rendering of humidity in the atmosphere, the canvas seeming fairly drenched with dampness. Another tender gray harmony is the painting known as "The Two Mills," exquisite in its softened outlines, the denseness of the humid atmosphere rendering indistinct the contours of the mills and boats, and merging the whole into pleasing accord of color and unity of composition.

Reference should be made to the work of Hubert Vos, court-painter of Holland. He is one of the younger men and a talented artist. His pictures, while they do not satisfy nor tempt one into enthusiastic praise as do the productions of some of the older men, are full of interest and merit. The painting entitled "Poor People,"—to select for consideration only one canvas from his brush—develops a melancholy theme with vivid force. A family, gathered together in their bereavement in a dark-

ened room where the father of the house lies dead, is the subject portrayed. The picture is painted with a dramatic force that stirs one deeply, and conveys a sense of grief that enlists one's sympathies; but withal, it fails to impress one as does the simple dignity of Israels' "Alone in the World," a comparison with which masterpiece involuntarily suggests itself.

The achievements of the women-painters of Holland should be especially noted. The general phrase that best describes their work, whatever the subject, is thoroughly artistic.

Several of the women have won more than local distinction, but Miss Therèse Schwartze outranks them all. Her talent has won for her medals and honors even in exclusive Paris. She has painted an admirable portrait of herself, in which she is represented as shading her eyes with her palette; a huge yellow silk scarf tied under her chin gives the high note in the color-scheme. One of the finest things she has done is the picture called "Orphan Girls at Amsterdam," in which is shown a group of sweet-faced young girls singing together; one of their number, seated at the organ, plays the accompaniment, and another turns the sheet of music. They are all attired in the costume worn by orphan-girls under the municipal care at Amsterdam—a red dress with black



Painting by H. W. Mesdag.

Berlin Photo. Co.

"Coast near Scheveningen."

sleeves, white kerchief and quaint white cap. The picture is noticeable for the admirable management of the color-scheme, for the masterly grouping, and for the tender depiction of youthful freshness and innocence in the girls' faces.

It is impossible to do more than merely refer to the beautifully painted "Garland of Roses," by Mrs. Marguerite Roosenboom Vogel, soft in outline as if seen through a veil of mist, and delicate in texture; the fruit and flowers executed in oil and in water color by Miss G. J. van de Sande Bakhuizen; the fascinating kittens painted by Mrs. Henriette Ronner; and the work of the talented women of the Mesdag family.

The only attempt at humorous production was E. J. Boks' "Surprised," another illustration of the proverb, "When the cat's away, the mice will play." It pictures a party of servants surreptitiously entertaining their friends and suddenly discomfited by the return of the master and mistress of the house. This canvas among the other Holland pictures seemed almost as much out of place as Jan van Beers' "You Are Welcome" among the masterpieces of the Loan Collection.



Painting by Jacob Maris.

Berlin Photo. Co.

"The Two Mills."

Of other Dutch artists enjoying greater or less fame, and certainly deserving of more extended notice than it is possible now to accord to them, one can mention only Elchanon Ver-veer, whose ability is unquestioned; D. A. C. Artz, who died in 1890; W. J. Martens, the painter of the well-known picture "Love's Dream;" Louis Apol; Gerke Henkes; J. H. L. de Haas, who paints donkeys and cattle extremely well; Kever; F. P. ter Meulen; and W. B. Tholen, who sees the contours of his landscapes in more decisive outline and paints more crisply than most of his fellow-countrymen.

The distinguishing qualities of the Dutch school of to-day may be determined from an analysis of the pictures that have been under consideration, for these canvases are the work of the

representative contemporary painters of Holland.

To define negatively the characteristics of the Dutch art of the present, one may say that it is qualified by an absence of any attempt to portray the fanciful or ideal, by a lack of what may be termed archaeological representation in paint, the revivifying of antiquities by a wholesome dislike of theatrical affectation, and by a detestation of jugglery on canvas or any indignity or pretense. To analyze Dutch art in affirmative phrase, it is above all things earnest and true; it reveals a responsive delight in the beauties of nature; its preference is for lowly, rather than for pretentious subjects; and it devotes itself to the delineation of the positive, the real; finding poetry in the prosaic, beauty in the common-place.

IN THE SOUTH.

LULAH RAGSDALE.

IS it the riotous jessamine vine
That has tangled my heart in its gold-colored bloom—
That has dazzled my eyes with its riotous shine,
And is steeping my soul in its sleepy perfume?

Is it the fire of the crumpled red rose
That sets my blood beating and fevers my mouth?
Or the web of the sunlight that glitters and glows
That is binding and holding me here in the South?

Is it the wooing of winds in the night,
Sweet from their trysts with the spice-scented pines,
That brings to my fugitive heart such delight
It would fain never stir from a swoon so divine?

Or is it the mesh of Neola's warm hair—
Daughter of bloom and of perfume and glow—
That has tangled my heart in its shimmering snare,
And is keeping me far from my home in the snow?

Or is it the fire of her pomegranate lips
That is thrilling my own with a passionate glow?
And is it the breath of her sighing that slips
Like the fragrance from out of a rose in full blow?

Ah, me! will her voice, like the wind through the pine,
Sweet from the cup of her curled scarlet mouth,
Whisper me ever the answer divine
That shall hold me eternally here in the South?

THE SCALE OF LOVE.

BY ANNE LAZIERE CRAWFORD.

I.

THE wide enfolding quiet of the July night brooded unstirred, save by a distant bell from the sheep-fold, or by the soft resonance of the voices of men and women, idling on the broad, curving veranda of "Bohemia." The white wings of the old colonial house stretched out in darkness, lit at one point by a lamp visible through the lowered window shade. Beside this light sat a man, with intent face bowed over a letter.

"Love is an ascending scale," he wrote. "It is the instinct of our human nature to love 'up.' Hence those we love are not those who love us, but those who are nobler than to love us. They may be our friends—often they are our best friends—but they cannot love us as we love them. So you need not fear that I shall blame you, sweet one. There is no keener tragedy than a woman mated with a man whose nature is in any way below hers. I should have known from the first that you could not love me—I feared it."

A girl's untroubled laugh came up to his ears. He threw back his head, his throat tense with pain.

"Why try to make you understand," the pen flew on, "what love for you is, what it means to me? You do not belong to me. . . . Would I had the courage to pray you, 'Love some one, for very love of loving—it makes life sweet. Some one high and worthy of your love.' But I cannot, now.

"Yet you do give me courage by being true to yourself. Life will soon resolve itself again into that old cry:—

"I thank whatever Gods may be,
For my unconquerable soul?"

"Only, do not die, Ethel. I can bear all that comes while we live on in the same world.

"Love, and forget me—you must—but live!—ROBERT KING."

When the letter was sealed, and the room dark, the man strode up and down past the open window, hearing faintly, as through a surge of waves in conflict, the sweet, idle voices below.

Next morning Robert King was abroad early. The sleepless night had drawn lines about his mouth, but his nostrils drank in the new air, and his eyes rested unflinchingly upon the beauty of earth and pronounced it still good.

He was hurrying toward the old garden, alert for a certain species of warbler that had eluded him persistently until this morning, when its call rang clear in the dawn. Passing through the rusty iron gates, heavily spiked, King brushed against the wild-rose bushes which encroached upon the grass-grown path. Arched by the waving tops of dwarf honey-locusts, this path straggled on the length of the garden, to the old family burying-ground which lay beyond, dark with cypress and thorn trees against the morning sky.

On the south side of this walk the locust trees grew farther apart, letting in broad patches, giving the effect of a sylvan cloister, a retreat erected by nature, perhaps, for fauns who have been disappointed in love—but that nature never sympathizes with the disappointed in love. Keenly aware of this, and in no mood for cloistral meditation, King struck out through the tall, wet blue-grass to a neighboring oak, whence the elusive warbler's call had suddenly sounded. The thick interlacement of twigs at the end of a limb suggested a concealed nest. The tireless naturalist climbed the tree, and stretched himself along the nearest branch able to bear his weight.

After an hour of patient watchfulness unrewarded by any development,

King's eyes wandered to a cloud of white butterflies that poised themselves above the rusty gate-spikes.

"Aha! and here's Psyche," he said to himself, as the old gates swung back, and he saw Jean Erskine entering among the rose-bushes. It was her laughter that had jarred upon his misery last night, but he was glad to see her. He had always liked to see her out of doors and with flowers in her hands since the day he had met her marching across a wheat-field in a sharp summer shower, with deepened color and arms full of daisies. Guests in the same house, they knew each other as little as people so situated generally do. But King had noted that she always went alone for walks, was swift and impulsive in speech and had very clear, child-like eyes.

Now he thought of halloing to her and throwing her his knife to cut the rose-stems with, but his attention was attracted by the tentative movements of a cautiously-advancing bird. Presently the little creature, startled by a ringing voice, sped off, as a young man who had just scrambled over the fence at the far end of the garden strode up the walk, with a clear "Good-morning to you, Miss Erskine!"

"Pan himself, out of Arcady," muttered the observant King, for the young fellow carried a few reeds in his hand, and there was much of the Greek in his well-made frame, more in his face with its wide gray eyes, full-curved lips and broad, low forehead, from which the hair tumbled back. King soon recognized him as Ashton Lewes, the latest guest at "Bohemia," whom he had met at dinner the evening before.

Meanwhile Jean Erskine had said :

"Good morning, Mr. Lewes," the more sedately that she barely repressed a sudden unconscionable impulse to toss her armful of roses over the sunny-faced apparition, who overflowed with animal spirits—with pure joy of being alive. She reddened for the childishness of this impulse and eyed the reeds questioningly.

"I've been for a dip in the creek," explained Ashton Lewes, shaking his

damp hair. "I don't know any water where the 'cool silver shock' is so perfect!"

"Oh, the wild joys of living"—Jean recalled the words with delightful sympathy.

"Ah, one doesn't need to be a King Saul or a Browning to sing them. Why, I'm just tingling from head to foot with them now! Give me half of your roses and let's pelt each other," and he stretched out his arms, his eyes dancing.

Jean demurred. "I was going to take them down to the graves."

Lewes opened wide his eyes. "Give those lovely things to the dead? Beauty is for the living. They," with a glance at the dark cypresses, "have had their sunlight; their joy is over."

"Don't you think you are a little unfeeling?"

"Don't you think you are a little sentimental?" This as they walked down the path together. Robert King looked after them keenly. "Now what would Pan with Psyche?" he mused, contrasting the girl's spiritual profile with the warmly human, magnetic face beside it. As the two figures passed on, King felt a strange instinct of danger, as vivid as if he had just seen a bird fascinated by a snake. He was conscious of an impending moral evil which the protective fibre in him was stirred to combat.

Despite his awakened interest in this psychical drama opening before him, he did not want to play the unwilling spy again, so he swung himself down from the tree and returned to the house, as Jean and Lewes, the latter shrinking reluctantly, entered the old burying-ground.

Many long hillocks tangled with wild honey-suckle and crape myrtle glistened with dew and sunlight at their feet. Jean led Lewes to one. He knelt in the long grass to read the lines cut in the curving marble headstone:

"To feel the pain of life—then lose its smart,
To dream thou art immortal—then not
know
Whether above thee fall the flakes of snow,
Or rose-leaves drift above thy quiet heart."

Lewes was silent for a moment. Then he said, "A poet wrote that."

"Yes, for his own epitaph—Mrs. Forsythe told me. He died at twenty-three of what people call a broken heart. He died of disappointment and starvation," Jean added bitterly, and would have given the brief, hard history, but Lewes stopped her.

"For all that, he was not as much 'in love with easeful death' as he pretends in these lines. He must have known the gladness of living, though he called it pain; losing it broke his heart. He was a coward at the last—as we all are," he finished, sinking his voice.

Jean's eyes flashed. "Do you fear death?"

"Life is sweet," pleaded Lewes, throwing back his head with a deep breath as though he drank in wine.

Jean scattered her roses on the poet's grave, pressing them down with her hand upon a spot on the left side. "However hard it beat once, it is quiet now," she said.

Lewes shuddered slightly. "Yes—it is broken."

II.

Through the soft, idle days that rounded July to its close, Jean came to associate Ashton Lewes with sunshine and deep afternoon skies, and with the mellow music of Swinburne. Summers afterward, the warm scent of ripening apples recalled the long orchard grass flecked with sunshine, and Lewes stretched at full length in it, hands under head, eyes full of dreamy content.

Leaning against an apple tree, she listened to the voice that soothed like a narcotic as he read "*Atalanta in Calydon*," or sometimes scraps of his own poetry. Again, he would be moved to expound, with that beautiful, calm egotism which made him so delightful, his philosophy of life which was little more than "be happy—i. e. appreciate the beautiful—and you will be good."

As for Jean, his passion of beauty-worship stirred her curiously. It seemed to simplify life, to acknowledge the

beautiful as the good. Was not that done at the creation of the world?

In her constant intercourse with Lewes, it was perhaps his irresponsible happiness which charmed her most. She thought it a rare simplicity of nature to be content to live in the present, and delight in actual instead of wearying for ideal beauty.

She studied the line of the brows, and compared him, mentally, in that and other characters to Keats. Ashton Lewes, who rarely troubled himself with mental reservation, told her she was like a violin, and treasured the remembrance of the untutored eyes under shy lids that answered him. Jean was, indeed, as sensitively responsive as a musical instrument, but one "untouched as yet by the master hand," as he added, mentally this time, and felt swift desire enter into him.

Why, when it came to light, some evenings later, that Ashton Lewes was a finished violinist, and when he had seized upon the old and valued fiddle produced by Mrs. Forsythe, did Jean quietly withdraw from the expectant audience gathered in the music-room?

Perhaps she wanted to make the music her own, as she could not do surrounded by other listeners. Perhaps she wished to soften by distance the clash and vividness of the breathless Hungarian dances he was playing in duet.

"No music is so full of heart-beats as Brahms'. In those wild snatches one feels the very rhythm of the blood."

Ashton Lewes lowered his violin without answering this enthusiastic remark of his accompanist, who was diving anew into the pages of the score. His own restless glance took in all the occupants of the brightly-lighted room, and strove to pierce the dark space of the veranda without. Through the open window he caught the outline of a quiet figure sitting with bent head on the steps. Nestling his chin contentedly upon the violin, he raised the bow, and began without accompaniment the "*Swan-Song*" of Saint-Saens.

To Jean, sitting alone in the soft darkness whither the music drifted, the

voice of Lewes' violin was fraught with a subtle insistence. Swayed by a force there was no resisting, by an attraction she did not try to analyze, she turned toward the light within.

There, framed by the window, she could see the figure of Lewes as he stood slightly swaying his body to the long-drawn notes, the bowing arm rising and falling in the long, swift curves of a flying swallow, the gracious mouth and down-dropped eyes. Like one under a spell she watched him, losing no movement of the body or the hands, those supple violin-hands, mighty for life or death in the soul. Now he was playing a nocturne which broke away into a fragment of the overture to *Tannhauser*, then a *Lieslied*, all with the same insistence—at once passionate and subdued.

Suddenly the strings quivered under a new *motif*, an eerie cadence, a call increasing in volume. This reappeared again and again in a composition unknown to any of the listeners. Only one interpreted its significance. It was Robert King, who divined it as the call of a body to the soul.

Leaning on the rail at the end of the veranda he could just perceive Jean's face as it turned to the window—the parted lips and tensely strung attitude. His former instinct of danger returned with added force, and he had just determined to divert her attention from the music in some way, when he saw her rise suddenly and walk blindly toward the door. Before she had reached it, he was at her side.

"Must you go in now, Miss Erskine? You know you wanted to hear a night-jar, and I can take you to a tree where we shall be sure to find one."

The natural matter-of-fact tones had a salutary effect. Jean, whose face in one moment more would have betrayed to Ashton Lewes, and even to those about him, that she belonged to him—through the power of a fateful magnetism—took King's arm without speaking, and, at that contact with reality, became herself again. No one else had been on the veranda. Silent, they walked down the path to look for

the night-jar, King wondering whether she realized the humor of accepting such a substitute for Ashton Lewes' violin.

"Does she know it? Could she have realized it?" puzzled King as he watched the girl mounting the stairs an hour later. Her sweet composed face when she bade him good-night, the desultory talk which had followed the hunt for the night-jar, as they stood under the stars hearkening to its sharp whirr, these inclined him to think that she had neither known at the time, nor realized it afterwards.

"It was an entirely unconscious impulse on her part—the blackguard!" was the duplex conclusion at which he arrived.

III.

August is the month of fire-worshippers. Given a chilling evening of the last week of summer, and a hickory fire before which to worship, the broad andironed hearth becomes an altar, the homely incense of wood-ashes ascends pleasantly to the nostrils of the true Parsee, to whose eyes the dull, red embers and soft-darting golden tongues are dearer than vestal flame to its priestess. Between the half-light of dusk and that of a dying fire we are such stuff as dreams are made of; the present is but a warm fantasie, the past a fall of noiseless ash flakes, the future a shadow wavering on the wall.

Under such spell, Robert King and Jean Erskine had achieved that famous test of friendship, an hour's mutual, unembarrassed silence. The girl sat on the rug, her face now in shadow, now in the fitful light; the man, with eyes for the bed of embers, leaned back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head. Friends they had become with the friendship which follows as a sure result when a sterling, hardy and protective nature comes in contact with one of sincere and spirited childlikeness, rich in possibilities.

Every friendship is an incipient love. It may grow into the perfect organism—love; or, bereft by the very nature

of things of some condition needful for perfect development, it must remain forever incomplete. Fair and strong as may be the friendship between woman and woman, between man and man, even between man and woman—that of a tried soul for an untried, or of the like for the unlike—all these fall short of the perfect organism, are impossible of such consummation.

King's friendship for Jean was withheld from becoming love by the very nature of the man which demanded a strength above him for his loving. And in Jean he had found a nature needing his protection, yet a nature able to win that rare friendship which only sincere and beautiful souls won from him.

As for Jean, since the time when she had unconsciously been rescued from the magnetism of Ashton Lewes' personality, she had felt a fine impulse pervading her—the necessity of living up to the highest in her nature. When she had discovered that it was Robert King who had awakened this impulse, she loved him. To Jean love meant the spiritual recognition of a soul of such attraction, that beholding it and living in contact with it would make life blessed, potent with glorious possibilities.

To acknowledge her love for King to herself—and her's was a nature that brooked not self-deception—gave her no disquietude nor any feminine humiliation. She knew that he did not know it. Indeed, the two friends would have surprised each other had they spoken their thoughts.

The girl's musings ran: "How grave he is, with not a smile-line in sight. He doesn't guess that I am sitting here loving him with all my heart. I am glad of being young, because I can wait any number of years, until he shall love me. For he will sometime. We touch already on so many points—"

A step in the hall, that of Ashton Lewes. Jean had an uncomfortable moment until it had passed. For two weeks she had avoided him with that dignified success with which it is possible for a woman to avoid companionship that she does not desire.

So completely had the fascination which Lewes had possessed for her been overpowered when King had matched his moral strength against it. Entirely ignorant of that mesmeric influence which had so nearly gained ascendancy over her, she looked back in wonder at her previous intercourse with Lewes, and was conscious of a faint discomfort in his presence. When he was absent she forgot his existence.

The shadows rising and falling with the light of the fire flickered from one quiet figure to the other until it seemed to Jean that a subtle intercourse was established. The dream-light got into her eyes. Was King thinking of their friendship now? Would he not presently lean down and tell her that he loved her? What else did that softened look in his eyes and mouth mean?

The man before the fire, with his hands clasped behind his head, was thinking, "Ethel! Ethel! Ethel! Yes, love is an ascending scale."

He had forgotten that any one else was in the room, and was quite dazed when Mrs. Forsythe rustled in, exclaiming:

"In the dark, and castle-building, I declare! Come into the drawing-room, you unsociable dreamers, and do your duty by the whist-table."

Very early the next morning, as King paced the beautiful white crescent-shaped veranda waiting for the horse to be brought round, and anticipating a solitary gallop through light mists, a telegram was handed him. He read it at a glance.

"Ethel is ill, and has asked for you.
"NORTON REEVES."

With the dispatch which characterized him he had, in half an hour, packed his belongings, taken a hasty breakfast and said good-bye to his hostess and a few early-birds—the children, with whom he was a favorite.

"He regretted not seeing you all," announced Mrs. Forsythe later, at the breakfast table, "and charged me to make his adieux. Something quite sudden—a friend's illness, I believe," in answer to an inquiry.

"Pshaw! she doesn't care for him," thought Ashton Lewes, whose eyes had darted to Jean's face when the announcement was made.

One of the smaller children, a special pet of Jean's, ran up to the girl as she stood by the ashes of the library fire after breakfast.

"Mr. King sent you a good-bye by me."

"Oh," said Jean, kneeling down by the child.

"Just what did he say please?"

"Said 'Give Miss Jean good-bye, from me.'"

"Yes?"

"'N I said. 'Ain't you sorry to go way 'thout seeing her?' 'N he said, 'Yes.' Oh, an' here's a paper that dropped out of his pocket when he got into the carriage."

The boy pulled a crumpled yellow sheet from his apron-belt, and held it out to Jean. She knew it must be the telegram, and took it gently from the child, only to tear it to pieces and bury it in the ashes of last night's dead fire.

IV.

In the anticipative bustle which accompanies the straggling entrance of the orchestra, Jean found her way to her seat, and time to scan the programme with hungry eyes that brightened visibly. It was an unerring instinct which prompted her to come to concerts alone; and, although it debarred her from all but matinees, she obeyed it faithfully, even on such early-dark October afternoons as this. Happily isolated by the random, commonplace faces around, her soul was free. No polite murmurs were necessary to fill up those blank spaces between, so dear to the aroused imagination; no dutiful eulogies jarred on her ear, attuned to spirit level. She had found a regular place in the great music hall, among the musical press-critics, and liked the atmosphere of taciturn reserve and keen attention; liked, also, to see a jaded eye brighten with inward vision, or a hard, selfish mouth relax in momentary uncon-

sciousness at some beloved sound-caress. They paid no attention to the slim, familiar figure; only one man noticed that she invariably wore violets when Chopin was to be among the numbers.

Jean had once said to King of music:

"It makes us honest with ourselves," and he had suggested, "Some music betrays the lower nature," which had puzzled her. Now, feeling as if her tired mind were being attuned with the other instruments to its true pitch, she had waited for the first notes of Greig's "*Morning*," exquisite prelude for two hours of symphonic heaven.

Can any one come away from a concert the same being as before? Does not each one find a new dream, an old memory, a life-throb somewhere in the music?

Not until the Sevord *motif* rang clarion-like from Siegfried's own Rhine-land did Jean find the key-note she sought. Courage! to be strong, in the keenness of life as in the sharpness of death, with a strength that knows not wincing or bewailing—this desire was the outgrowth of her love for Robert King.

She had not seen him again, but he had written her a brief letter, very like himself, soon after he had left "*Bohemia*." The letter was dated from a distant city, and mentioned that the friend to whom he had gone was no better. Jean rested on the strong, sincere kindness of the few lines, the protective interest in her life. He was only her friend as yet, but he had not forgotten her.

Leaving "*Bohemia*" early in September, she had come home to live her life as resolutely as she could. Steady, hard work at music and Greek—two rival passions—gave her no lack of healthy intellectual and emotional stimulus; to be morbid was not in her nature. But the humor born of courage was lacking; she had not yet learned to laugh at herself.

The thought of King was as the *motif* to her life, a glad and gallant *motif* like that of the Sevord, that knew not wincing or bewailing.

Upon this exalted mood drifted the passionate rhythm of a Brahm's *Liebeslied*. Impelled by a subtle influence, Jean lifted her eyes, looking straight across the house, and saw Ashton Lewes. He was sitting almost facing her. That he did not see her she was quite certain. Recollection surged as she watched the mobile face and half-dropped eyelids. With a perception whose keenness had increased in absence and soul growth, she detected the refined sensuousness in the curving mouth—whose under lip lacked in its middle that slight depression denoting courage—the weak compliance of the brow, the lack of moral beauty and power in the whole face.

And this man had loved her, had refused to be silenced by the negative he had so little expected. He had spoken some bitter words whose meaning was two-edged but incomprehensible to Jean. Now as she pondered them afresh, her mind leaped back, spurred by a vague distrust, to that evening when she had watched him through the window as he played. The same *Liebeslied* caressed her ear, the same light played under the eyelids of the man who had charmed her then: what power recreated the past? For she heard again that strange mesmeric violin-call, saw herself rise from the dark steps and walk blindly toward the door, heard King's voice at her side, "Must you go in now, Miss Erskine?"—and came at last to full cognizance of what she had so nearly done. It was an awakening of mingled sensations. A shuddering realization of that power which had fascinated her past volition stung her into understanding Lewes' parting words:

"I have not had fair play! A little more, and"—Then she had left him. How strange it all was! He had loved her, and she loved Robert King, and he? Her heart beat in answer to this question, remembering what King had done. "He knew the danger—saved me. He must have cared for me, then."

How she could have yielded to the influence of Ashton Lewes was inexplicable to her; sufficient was it that

the stronger nature had been at hand to shield her. This thought of King was a tingling joy. "Perhaps, then, he was the first to love, for I never began to care for him until after that night. Some women say it is shameful, unwomanly, to begin to care, first. I think not, yet I am glad, if—"

As she listened to the last number, thankful that it was the *Gotterdammerung*, a purpose grew in her mind. King must not think that she had cared for Ashton Lewes, that she had yielded to such influence voluntarily. She could not bear that he, of all men, should so misjudge her. Had he not done her the greatest service that one human being can do another—enabled her to distinguish the false from the true? She would tell him the truth, that she knew now from what he had kept her, and blessed the knightly deed.

The mighty march for the dead heroes lifted her thoughts beyond all the smallness of circumstance and cowardly fear of misapprehension. Life was worth living; greatly above regret.

Meanwhile the stolid portions of the audience hunted for overshoes and mackintoshes, preparatory to the plunge into the rainy October afternoon outside. When the concert was over, Jean felt that she could not, as usual, stand and wait for the worst of the crush to pass, but pressed forward amid crowding humanity to the door. Soon she was hastening through the early dusk under glaring street-lights. Full of glad tumult, she pictured Robert King reading her letter, knowing at last that she thanked him from her heart for what he had done. She never stopped to think what further insight such knowledge might give him. She was bent simply upon high acknowledgement.

When she reached home she found a letter awaiting her.

"Friend," she read, "I have something to tell you. She whom I have loved, and love, is dead. I do not tell you this from a need of sympathy or courage—but because between friends there can be only truth. Forgive me for not being truthful sooner—it is some weeks now, but I had to wait a little while to see things clearly.

"Life is the same, believe me—as worth living finely as before. . . . She never loved me, only gave me a height to look up to. It is my message to all souls—never be ashamed to love up. 'Make the low nature better by your throes,' is false doctrine if it refers to love. For love is not a sacrifice; its law is greater than any physical law; it seeks not its own level, but one above it. What matter if that level is never reached—so it be sought.

"And now, good-bye. I am going to Germany for two years, perhaps for a much longer time.

"I may not see you again, likely not; but you are to me always a sweet spirit, a brave one. 'Don't shrink from life. I hope you will be happy. I know you will be strong.'

"Your friend,

"ROBERT KING."

That was all. In a silence too deep for tears, Jean re-read the letter, sentence by sentence. A smile quivered round her mouth when she came again to the words:

"Never be ashamed to love up."

SUPERFICIAL CRITICISM AND TEMPORIZING LITERATURE.

BY GEORGE BRADEN.

CURRENT criticism of American literature must be discouraging to the man of letters. It certainly is dispiriting to the intelligent reader. And by current criticism I do not mean simply the jejune Phillips that are daily hurled at modern writers. Much criticism of a comprehensive kind, by those capable of treating literature seriously and intelligently, is of the most pessimistic sort. This view of American literature of the present, seems to be held, too, by the reader that never writes. And worst of all, if we are to credit the critics, the outlook for the future is of the dismallest kind.

The known tendency of men in persistently following a current of thought once set flowing in a particular direction, may justify us in asking ourselves whether critics are warranted in the assumption that there is no longer produced in America any literature worthy of the name, or in the conclusion that the future promises only Dead Sea fruit. And if the reader that does not write should take part in this self-examination, it might profit him to ask himself how far he has been influenced by the cavilling of superficiality, how far by his own knowledge of what is good and what

is not, and how far by the criticism of thoughtful men. On the other hand, it would profit criticism, if it did not profit the individual makers of it, if critics would ask themselves how far they are influenced by personal caprice, and how far by the canons of critical analysis and discrimination.

With a preponderance of quantitative criticism to support me, I shall assume that our literature is not what we have reason to expect it to be. Whether the condition is one of mere suspension of vitality, whether one of transition incident to the prevailing epidemic of evolutionism, or whether we have arrived at a period of decadence, I shall not try to establish. I shall simply offer some suggestions which I hope may lead seekers after truth in the field of letters, to try to see whether they have not capitulated to Kindergarten agnosticism at a time when science is trying to help them in making the world more beautiful.

With all of our material prosperity, our wonderful public school system and high average of education, we are not considered by foreigners, even for our opportunities, to be a cultured people; and however little inclined we may be to accept as conclusive any foreign estimate of our culture, we cannot, in

our moments of supremest complacency, read what is said of us by such men as Renan, Matthew Arnold and Cardinal Newman, without thinking that possibly, in building a great nation, we have omitted something, or, at all events, that there are other things necessary to greatness besides Ferris wheels, mammoth abattoirs, and the liberty to establish new religions. But after taking account of how we are considered abroad, there is yet reason for our complacency, if we are not too assertive of it. We have people enough to attend to our Ferris wheels, our mammoth abattoirs and our new religions, to make all of these "a go," as we so forcibly say, and still some left to look a little into foreign estimates of ourselves, to see how nearly correct these estimates are, and whether something may not be done to get them revised. Some of us may not care to have them revised, but others do; not so much to justify ourselves to the foreigners as that we may have still greater reason for our self-satisfaction.

The admirers of our Ferris wheels, our mammoth abattoirs, and our new religions are not to be left out of consideration, but are we not in danger of deferring just a little too much to them? Is the production of literature, or the criticism that influences the production of literature, to be left to the builders of our Ferris wheels, our mammoth abattoirs and our new religions, or even to those who encourage these progressive builders to believe that it is their taste that should govern literary activity? I believe it is the duty of one that does anything to elevate taste to fit himself as thoroughly as possible for his office, and then not to take account of what pleases, but to consider what, from a correct standard of taste, should please, and to go ahead in the work he has set himself to do. The irreverent humor of Mark Twain has made more men laugh at the weaknesses of their fellows than have ever been pleased with the exquisite, well-bred satire of George William Curtis; it has corrupted more respectable youth than cultured Tom Bailey will probably ever be able to reform. But is

this the kind of thing that we should be pleased with?

When the New England writers of the first half of the present century became known to the public, we watched with interest each addition to their number. We had been drawing our literature from the mother country, but now we were to have domestic production, with critics to give us a standard by which we were to estimate what followed. The creators of this new literature and the critics it produced formed a sort of embryonic academy; and for a long time we accepted all that this academy put forth, both in creative work and criticism. But the civil war changed many things. The nation's war president and its great military commander came from the West. The West was getting a sense of its power. A young man from a Western newspaper office went to Boston. He said to the academy: "'Beyond the mountains there are men also.' We would not silence your Autocrat if we could, but we wish to talk some ourselves. Your transcendental philosophy is beautiful; but only a few understand it, and they are not any happier for it. Your forced and romantic optimism, which brings everything out happily in the end, whether you are doing anything or not to so bring it out, needs modification. It is the optimism of plutocracy. The ultramontanes have long been bearing the burden and heat of the day. You must become awake to that, and by-and-by we shall have an optimism for the people.'" He drew about him a number of young ultramontanes. He took possession of the academy's organ, and in season and out of season propagated the new heresy. He told the ultramontanes at home that he had found it was not their fault that everything did not come out as happily in the end for them as it had been coming out for the plutocrats, and that the covert fatalism which had been preached to them was purely a doctrine of plutocratic making. He even told them that things were just about as bad as they could well be, and that they would continue to be bad so long

as people were deceived into accepting the optimism of plutocracy.

The academy held grave council to discuss what might be done to destroy the ultramontanes, but the heresy had taken too deep a hold to be combated by the academy, which was itself fast becoming devitalized. In addition to its literary functions, the academy had become the center of authority on dogma for one of the new religions which New England has given us so many of. Beyond sea it had ordained a high-priest, who labored in England for a violet-scented Establishment of aesthetic Socinianism. The sermons of the trans-Atlantic preacher came across sea, and were disseminated with the academy's approval. People read them, and many believed verily that all was coming to vanity.

The conflict between the academy and the ultramontanes grew in force until the academy was overthrown. The ultramontanes dispelled plutocratic optimism; they maintained the high standard of literary technique which had been set by two or three of the academicians; they treated ugly topics, but with decency; they urged improved principles of style; they taught artistic adaptation of form to thought; and, above all else, insisted upon truth.

Meantime so-called "higher criticism" had begun to unsettle our religious belief. Or rather, the reviewers of works on scientific investigation, told people that "higher criticism" had shaken entirely the truth of their religious teachings. Yet if there were no future rewards, there was the converse fact of no future punishment. The semi-intellectual world began to say that this was not so bad a place after all if we would only make the best of it; but this philosophy only measurably met the needs of plutocracy, and seemed to offer nothing at all to the rest of us. Even the affected abandon of its disciples was much like whistling in the dark. This seems to me to be about the point we had reached when we began to turn upon the makers of modern literature.

Our good nature and credulity are characteristic of us. Our complacency makes us good-natured, and our big talking makes us credulous. We generally talk about ourselves, and speak only of what is best; and of course we believe all we say. In this self-encouragement of our credulity we get to believe what others say of us. We believe all things possible except honesty in political opponents, and that a foreigner may prefer his own country to ours. But when we are not good-natured we are very ugly; and when we doubt, we hold very rigidly to our doubts. That we are calling ugly names where we have reason to be courteous does not matter; nor does it matter that sometimes we know next to nothing of the subject upon which we are exercising our doubts. Our good nature and credulity have been abused; somebody must suffer for it, and we are likely to assail the first one that ruffles us.

Much of our criticism, it would seem, is about as sane as this general conduct. For awhile we take the good and the bad indiscriminately, and then we condemn quite as capriciously.

It is not improbable that I have assigned the ultramontanes a place in the modification of our literature that their abilities do not entitle them to. A more potent cause for the change than their influence may be what suggestive critics call the evolution of literature. If this be so, inquiry would soon entangle us, and the final cause would remain still beyond reach. So, for the sake of argument, we might as well assume something tangible as an hypothesis, and the ultramontane influence is quite as reasonable as anything else. Anyhow, we have the fact of the change and the improbability that we shall return to the literature of the academy. If the theory of the change by causal principles under the control of contemporary writers be the correct one, it is possible for criticism to help matters by abandoning its pessimistic generalizing, and seeking to establish more firmly the best of what is being written.

I fancy the academician will ask whether this best is good enough to bother about, and if it would not be better to destroy it rather than try to develop anything from it. But this is only his pessimistic generalizing, which he will probably stop when he learns that if we destroy this, the tendency will not be toward the dicta of the academy.

And after all, is this best not worth contending for? Since we have only the scattered rear of the dismembered academy, firing a last shot here and there at the oncoming barbarians, individual opinion must obtain pending reconstruction. There are many intelligent persons, I believe, who think that American literature has advanced within the last quarter of a century. They are not so numerous maybe, nor so assertive as their opponents, but more and more they are managing to get themselves heard. About poetry some of them are afraid to venture an opinion, since "poets are born, not made." Yet they do not despair even over the condition of poetry.

If we abandon the popular method of measuring literature by superficial area, we can glory in Sill and Lanier among the poets of the second half of this century; and we have with us still others whom the future will likely accord high rank. But the matter of poetry is a thing by itself, and in the discussion of it one may get entangled if one be not informed.

In history there is much by the later writers that is creditable. In the recent commonwealth histories there is ability shown that in more comprehensive work would make lasting reputations. It may be asked why some of the able writers of these histories have not tried their hands at more comprehensive work; and in answer I would quote from an eminent English critic, that for great creative work, we must have not only the man but the moment. A comprehensive historical work is now well under way by one of the younger writers, McMaster; and so far as he has gone, he has not left us to fear that our reputation for this kind of writing is going to be lost.

Here we have both the man and the moment. But how much uncovered field have we for comprehensive historical work; and are not the believers in our Ferris wheels, our mammoth abattoirs, and our new religions too well satisfied with the histories we have, to wish anything different covering the same field? The time will come for a history of the civil war, and for the eleven years of reconstruction; but what we have had thus far upon these subjects shows us clearly that we should not anticipate the moment.

And who of us but believes that the urbane criticism of many of the younger writers, both those that are known and those whose identity is concealed in the editorial departments of the standard periodicals, is not a great improvement upon the pugnacious kind that we used to have from the critics whose identity was concealed, or even upon most of the patronizing kind the academy gave us? Our later criticism from the best writers teaches that the office of the critic is in part to help improve the writer, and to assist the reader in finding out what is best; and, while in the performance of his official duties, to have regard for decency. And it is time for all that essay criticism in any department to recognize that caprice and frothing at the mouth are lost on every one, except the very persons that caprice and frothing at the mouth are apt to confirm more fully in habits of thought that critics should seek to correct.

But it is fiction especially that seems to excite the alarm of the pessimistic caviller. It is natural that this should be so, since all, or nearly all, of us read fiction more or less; and all of us are judges of what it ought to be.

Inferentially there are two or more "schools of fiction." Inferentially, I say, because the critics, many of them, are so continually talking of the "modern school." Inferring further, it may be said that the "modern school" is composed of writers sixty years of age and under. What the other school or schools may be, and what writers it or they may be composed of, must be left to further infer-

as people were deceived into accepting the optimism of plutocracy.

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Our good nature and credulity are characteristic of us. Our complacency makes us good-natured, and our big talking makes us credulous. We generally talk about ourselves, and speak only of what is best; and of course we believe all we say. In this self-encouragement of our credulity we get to believe what others say of us. We believe all things possible except honesty in political opponents, and that a foreigner may prefer his own country to ours. But when we are not good-natured we are very ugly; and when we doubt, we hold very rigidly to our doubts. That we are calling ugly names where we have reason to be courteous does not matter; nor does it matter that sometimes we know next to nothing of the subject upon which we are exercising our doubts. Our good nature and credulity have been abused; somebody must suffer for it, and we are likely to assail the first one that ruffles us.

Much of our criticism, it would seem, is about as sane as this general conduct. For awhile we take the good and the bad indiscriminately, and then we condemn quite as capriciously.

It is not improbable that I have assigned the ultramontanes a place in the modification of our literature that their abilities do not entitle them to. A more potent cause for the change than their influence may be what suggestive critics call the evolution of literature. If this be so, inquiry would soon entangle us, and the final cause would remain still beyond reach. So, for the sake of argument, we might as well assume something tangible as an hypothesis, and the ultramontane influence is quite as reasonable as anything else. Anyhow, we have the fact of the change and the improbability that we shall return to the literature of the academy. If the theory of the change by causal principles under the control of contemporary writers be the correct one, it is possible for criticism to help matters by abandoning its pessimistic generalizing, and seeking to establish more firmly the best of what is being written.

I fancy the academician will ask whether this best is good enough to bother about, and if it would not be better to destroy it rather than try to develop anything from it. But this is only his pessimistic generalizing, which he will probably stop when he learns that if we destroy this, the tendency will not be toward the dicta of the academy.

And after all, is this best not worth contending for? Since we have only the scattered rear of the dismembered academy, firing a last shot here and there at the oncoming barbarians, individual opinion must obtain pending reconstruction. There are many intelligent persons, I believe, who think that American literature has advanced within the last quarter of a century. They are not so numerous maybe, nor so assertive as their opponents, but more and more they are managing to get themselves heard. About poetry some of them are afraid to venture an opinion, since "poets are born, not made." Yet they do not despair even over the condition of poetry.

If we abandon the popular method of measuring literature by superficial area, we can glory in Sill and Lanier among the poets of the second half of this century; and we have with us still others whom the future will likely accord high rank. But the matter of poetry is a thing by itself, and in the discussion of it one may get entangled if one be not informed.

In history there is much by the later writers that is creditable. In the recent commonwealth histories there is ability shown that in more comprehensive work would make lasting reputations. It may be asked why some of the able writers of these histories have not tried their hands at more comprehensive work; and in answer I would quote from an eminent English critic, that for great creative work, we must have not only the man but the moment. A comprehensive historical work is now well under way by one of the younger writers, McMaster; and so far as he has gone, he has not left us to fear that our reputation for this kind of writing is going to be lost.

Here we have both the man and the moment. But how much uncovered field have we for comprehensive historical work; and are not the believers in our Ferris wheels, our mammoth abattoirs, and our new religions too well satisfied with the histories we have, to wish anything different covering the same field? The time will come for a history of the civil war, and for the eleven years of reconstruction; but what we have had thus far upon these subjects shows us clearly that we should not anticipate the moment.

And who of us but believes that the urbane criticism of many of the younger writers, both those that are known and those whose identity is concealed in the editorial departments of the standard periodicals, is not a great improvement upon the pugnacious kind that we used to have from the critics whose identity was concealed, or even upon most of the patronizing kind the academy gave us? Our later criticism from the best writers teaches that the office of the critic is in part to help improve the writer, and to assist the reader in finding out what is best; and, while in the performance of his official duties, to have regard for decency. And it is time for all that essay criticism in any department to recognize that caprice and frothing at the mouth are lost on every one, except the very persons that caprice and frothing at the mouth are apt to confirm more fully in habits of thought that critics should seek to correct.

But it is fiction especially that seems to excite the alarm of the pessimistic caviller. It is natural that this should be so, since all, or nearly all, of us read fiction more or less; and all of us are judges of what it ought to be.

Inferentially there are two or more "schools of fiction." Inferentially, I say, because the critics, many of them, are so continually talking of the "modern school." Inferring further, it may be said that the "modern school" is composed of writers sixty years of age and under. What the other school or schools may be, and what writers it or they may be composed of, must be left to further infer-

ence. For convenience these writers may be supposed to comprise those that write differently from the "modern school."

Between the modern writers and those that preceded them, one or two excepted, there are two marked differences. They are both important, and belong close together in time. First of these is the departure from the idea that any manner of putting words together is good enough for story writing. The next is the theory that truth is the final purpose of fiction; or that it should be, and that fiction should be adapted to that end.

The older fiction had much to commend it. It satisfied the plutocrat that he was the best of his kind. Heaven had sent him fortune, and he was making the best use of it. If he ever had any misgivings as to the ethical consequences of his life, they were quieted by the belief that there was no occasion for troubling himself about such matters, since there is a divinity that shapes our ends, and that that divinity always shapes them happily for everybody. He had in his life had many of the annoyances one naturally expects; but he had got around them, and because of them he enjoyed more fully the ultimate rewards of his virtue. He knew that, in a way, other people had troubles, but they would finally be overcome. So many ships had come in at the right time, the rich uncle had so often appeared when he was most needed, that there was no reason why this should not be so always with everybody.

The altruist, too, approved the older fiction. It offered the encouragement he had been accustomed to hold out to those distressed in mind and body—the encouragement of illusory hope, true enough—but, then, it served the purpose of promoting the spirit of humility necessary to the attainment of the rewards that come to those who wait long enough.

Others that it suited are those who are not fortunately enough endowed to know why literature exists. These could hardly be expected to know that literature has an aim, and that in

its making there is supposed to be something like prevision and purpose. Fiction is all the literature they know anything of; and they have an idea, if this product of the functional exercise of their brain which we are thinking about may be so spoken of, that stories are to amuse people that have no other means of making life less tiresome.

There are still others, whose judgment, if they exercised it, would be entitled to great regard. They are the practical, intelligent people who are to be sometimes found in the professions, and occasionally in trade. They are mental workers, and use fiction solely as a diversion—as the king was wont to use the court jester. That fiction should have a place in the serious affairs of men is, with them, quite beyond design. Their reason is all prejudice. But all of these classes are practically embraced in plutocracy—are among its peers, its high functionaries, its ladies and gentlemen in waiting, its maids and its butlers.

Against the forced and romantic optimism of plutocracy are those who hold fiction to be a means of education in the august university of human life. They believe that to get the best results from it, it must be dignified by a serious position in human affairs, and to the end that it may be so dignified, truth must be its final purpose. The faculty in the new school of fiction have done but little toward what they have undertaken, you say. That may be. But what little the most of us accomplish falls greatly short of what we should like it to be. Discouragement and final disappointment are often the meed of earnest and well-directed effort. If this comes where we get the occasional smile and hand pressure of those that care for us, where the indifferent are too much engaged with their own futile efforts to give us a thought one way or another, what must be the discouragements, the disappointments of

One man against a stone-walled city of sin
When

A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him?

Let us not judge too hastily of what developments will be from the

literature of our time. Let us think of the heritage which Washington left us a century or more ago. It has about it the pathetic beauty of the bequest Charlotte Corday made to her faithful attorney, the honor of paying her prison debts; and then behold us with our sixty-five millions of souls paying a war debt of two and a half billions of dollars with greater ease than we paid for a day's rations for the army of 1776. Let us think of a time when a remote ancestor spent a day about the village hawking the hind-quarters of a single beef, and then behold our own mammoth abattoirs, with their thousands of refrigerator cars, their miles of railroad side-tracks, and their capacity for butchering a beef a minute. Let us think of the difficulty our ancestors had getting together their pitiful ordnance in the Revolutionary War, and then behold the modern engineering feat of building a Ferris wheel almost in a day. Let us think of the simple and child-like faith of our Revolutionary fathers and mothers, and then behold one of our new religions in full blast, with its modernly equipped laboratory, its chemical, geological, and naturalistic processional, an invocation from Mr. Ingersoll, followed by a sermon from a high priest of aesthetic Socinianism, and all closing with a grand doxology prepared by George Eliot or Harriet Martineau!

Is it altogether right that the ultramontane regular, fighting faithfully in the "liberation war of humanity," should be held responsible for the incursions of independents carrying the ultramontane standard? Shall we consider every good cause disgraced because of its pretenders and charlatans? Shall we exhibit our violent caprice because the story writers will not convert every clothing dealer in the Bowery into a "Wandering Jew?"

The common idea that the sole purpose of fiction should be to amuse is what the best of the modern story writers would like to correct. All of them, no doubt, would like to interest and amuse, too, whether they succeed in doing so or not; but this is only a

part of what they wish to do. While most of them mistakenly obtrude their purpose, while their preaching is often too palpable, they without doubt interest many, and we certainly close their books with some sort of an ethical conviction. We may say that the world is not so bad as that, or that things have not yet got to that point; but we seem not willing to quit consideration of the matter after having so quieted ourselves. We go on talking to one another, and start the critics to writing that there is nothing in such pessimism, until the whole of us get to frothing at the mouth. We have seen recorded in the "*Palladium of American Liberty*" all that the realist has been telling us about, only the "*Palladium*" did not philosophize. It is not its business to dwell upon what is unpleasant, except so far as is required by the news demands of its constituency. It sees by our centralizing charity in the syndicate, as we centralize the killing of bees, that plutocracy and its retainers do not wish the disagreeable forced upon them. A man with no more charity than a savage contributes willingly to keep distress out of his sight. It occasions thoughts that his coffee and cigar even will not allow him to put out of his mind. It is not the "*Let your light so shine,*" preceding the offertory, that keeps him from the church. It is the priest's admonition of his duty to keep in sympathetic touch with the distressed in mind and body, and to remember that his days are few and full of trouble.

The events of human life are the material that the novelist has to deal with. If he takes the daily record of the "*Palladium of American Liberty*" and adapts it to our likes, he is reactant to his manhood. It is the principle underlying these records that he should be concerned with, which he should insist upon our knowing. He may write entertainingly; optimistically; this is what he should do when possible, but if he leaves our ethical views unimproved his story were better untold. It is his duty to do what he can to hasten the time when what he tries to correct will be looked back upon

with the same sense of humiliation to humanity, that we feel in looking backward to the ethical practices of the past. To do this he need not preach ; he need not make heroes of thrifless vagabonds at the expense of people that do good, even though that good be one-sided ; he need not insist that one good be abandoned that his good may take its place. Let him insist upon truth, uncompromisingly upon that. He need not try to make Tolstois of us ; restitution is rather too much to expect ; but he may call us to repentance and make us better and happier men. And if at last he despair at the little he sees come of his efforts, he may comfort himself with the fact that another will come to do the unfinished task.

It is something in "the liberation war of humanity" to have fought conscientiously, and when the order comes to cease firing, to know that there is uneasiness in the citadel one has stormed.

When all has been said for modern fiction that its best friend may say, one must admit that there is about it a serious lack of something. The best of it holds our attention while we are reading it, and it gives us something to think about afterward ; but we leave it with the determination to have no more to do with it. It is as if one were suspended head foremost down a factory chimney. I think though we need not go far to find what the trouble is.

Mr. John Adington Symonds says : " Facts, interpreted by historical methods, lead us to the conclusion that men of genius obey a movement quite as much as they control it."

The old academy's English coadjutor in the propagation of æsthetic Socinianism, says in one of his sermons that the giving up of their old religious belief must necessarily be a matter of great sorrow to our "kin beyond sea."

If this be so of the English people, it must be so of us even to a greater extent ; for when the Englishman apostatizes from his old belief, he is too well-balanced to cast everything to the wind. Not so with the American.

When he apostatizes at all from orthodox religion, he apostatizes altogether. He scorns to be considered an agnostic in anything. To admit that he does not know is apart from the conduct of his whole life. For all his purposes, his convictions about a thing are practically the same as absolute knowledge of it. It is the failure of modern American fiction to recognize this that makes it give only half results. When æsthetic Socinianism seemed in a fair way to get itself heard, "higher criticism" began to be discussed. The "Palladium of American Liberty" became interested in it. It told us that Genesis was a cruel hoax, and that, instead of building an ark at the flood, we had swum about just as the quadruped does to-day ; that we were descended from the monkey, and that in proof of it Mr. Darwin had just discovered our lost tail, or enough of it, at all events, for purposes of identification. We were not then long in getting to believe that we should go hence like our disreputable progenitor. That many of our ultramontane friends, environed as they were by all manner of new religions, should obey this movement was what one might naturally expect. When students began to tell us that "higher criticism" had been libelled by the "Palladium of American Liberty," we all began to abuse the ultramontanes for obeying that journal's movement before they had made any inquiry into the data upon which it was begun.

The intentions of the ultramontanes are good, and, after all, we should, in a measure, judge one by one's intentions. It is not too late for them to mend their hold. If the present generation is not to share the good they are striving for, it may take hope in the following, which the "Palladium of American Liberty" has overlooked in its hurry to get on foot the movement toward annihilation.

Mr. Darwin says : "In my most extreme fluctuations, I have never been an atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God."

And then Professor Tyndall : "What is the causal connection, if any, between

the objective and the subjective—between the molecular motion in the brain and states of consciousness? Does water think and feel when it runs into frost-ferns upon a window-pane? If not, why should the molecular motion of the brain be yoked to this mysterious companion, consciousness? I do not know, and nobody does."

This may seem very little to the orthodox. It is not offered to those who believe that rest for the weary and heavy laden is promised not for this world. But while the superficial are posing as atheists, it is something to those in despair at the possibility of annihilation that such men as Darwin and Tyndall should defer to what lies beyond human penetration.

EARTH MYSTERIES.

BY LUCILE RUTLAND.

I'VE seen the ocean lying calmly o'er
The ruined ships that yesternight were lost ;
I've seen the sunlight smiling on the shore
Whereon drown'd folks were toss't.

I've seen white roses growing o'er a tomb
Wherein was ghastly, impotent decay ;
I've seen a star shine thro' the clouded gloom
Where storm and night held sway.

I've heard the bugle call to Victory's heights
Above the dying moans of fallen foes ;
I've heard a poet tell of earth's delights
Who only found its woes.

I've heard a mother bird sing sweet and clear
Above her nest forsaken by its brood ;
I've heard the horn sound while the hunted deer
Sought coverts of the wood.

But stranger, sadder than all these, I've seen
A woman smile above a broken heart,
And heard her patient lips speak forth "Amen!"
When life and love did part.

PIETRO.*

BY MISS H. A. JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

A BEE-HIVE BROKEN UP.

IN that rugged part of France which is watered by the river Rhone, there stood, enthroned on an extensive natural terrace in the mountain range which follows the water course, the old monastery and school of La Trappe. This venerable institution, dating its foundation as far back as 1666, possessed all the prestige which attaches to buildings at once ancient and well preserved.

As if symbolic of the penitential life of the monks whom it harbored, La Trappe was throughout, austere plain. There was none of that delicate tracery which betrays the skill of the architect, and sparing was the grace of springing arches and floriated columns. The grey walls, ivy-grown in spaces, the square-built chapel tower, the crosses here and there on gable ends, looked as if rough-hewn from the mountain stone, awaiting, yet disdaining, the finishing touch of the carver. In the summer season, when the bare trees leafed out again, a softened touch was given to this picture so severely wrought, and then it was that La Trappe was seen at its best.

But, in one of the early eighties of the last century, the additional glory of autumn coloring enwrapped the scene, and the grey old abbey loomed like a mirage in the hazy atmosphere, when one day, between the hours of vespers and complin, a foot traveler toiled his way along the rough path leading into the cultivated enclosure surrounding the establishment. His dress was of that nondescript variety which reveals nothing of the wearer's calling, or which rather betrays the fact that his lot in life is that unclassed

state of existence between actual beggary and comfortable subsistence on unasked charity. A long circular cloak of light brown woolen cloth, much the worse for wear, some one's cast-off trunk-hose, a sort of pilgrim's hat brought into a bonnet shape by strings tied under the chin—these, with the shoes he wore, and of which each had lost its mate, comprised the pedestrian's outfit. On one arm swung a beggar's pouch, while the opposite member wielded the stout walking-staff. The face beneath the ample hat was that of a man in middle life, strong-featured, clean-shaven, and full of determination. From time to time, a paternoster fell from the traveler's lips, and again he would shake his head mournfully, muttering some inaudible words as he did so. Arriving at the monastery gate, this strange individual was admitted after some parley and hesitation on the part of the porter. With the manner of one familiar with the place, he strode confidently across the court-yard, disappeared among the buildings, and was soon heard knocking boldly at the abbot's office door.

"*Benedicite!* but thou art a bold vagrant, to come disturbing our meditation thus!" said the abbot on beholding his unkempt visitor, who stood meekly and with bowed head in the entrance.

"By your leave, reverend father," replied the mendicant, "I have important news to communicate to you."

"Come nearer, then, and sit ye down beside me; important news in these troublous times needs cautious telling and wary hearkening to."

The beggar approached as he was bidden, when, fronting the astonished abbot, he suddenly pushed back his

* This Tale of Two Republics may justify the reversing of the Italian proverb: "*Sinone vero, ben Trovato,*" for however defective its setting, its main lines are built on facts.

wide hat and loosed from his shoulders the disguiising mantle.

"Holy saints in paradise! what have we here?" exclaimed the half-affrighted abbot, with uplifted hands and eyes wide open in amazement.

"Neither angel nor demon, I assure you, good Father Urban, but your humble servant, Benedict, whom, if you remember, you dispatched to Valsainte on weighty matters a double fortnight ago."

"But why, faithful Benedict, comest thou back in this unseemly garb?"

"Necessity compelled the deceit, Father Abbot; at Chamberi, on my way from La Trappe, I was arrested by the *gens d'armes*, and interrogated roundly as to whither I was bound, whence I had come, and on what errand. With timely draughts of truth, well spiked with lawful evasion, I quenched their thirst for information concerning my mission."

"Thou wert ever a glib-tongued spokesman for the silent monks, and heaven be praised that we have such an ambassador. But more of thy adventure."

"Immediately my captors learned that my mission lay beyond the Alps, I was released, but first warned, on penalty of my life, not to return to France. Hence, my good father, this unbecoming ruse I have played. Does not the trifling incident give thee an inkling of the present sad state of our fair France? What I might yet tell thee of sacrilege and the frenzied condition of our government would make thy very heart-strings twang with sorrow."

"Sorrow, my son, is for those whom the world holds enchain'd—peace of heart for those who give their thoughts to eternity. Be not so distressed about these tangled affairs of state."

"Ay, but when the affairs of state trench with destroying fury on the affairs of church, shall we stand meekly by and show ourselves cowards in the struggle? Knowest thou not that the panther of infidelity is abroad in the land, and that religion, the milk-white hind, is being chased a desperate race? The desecration of churches will soon

bring in its wake the pillage of the monasteries and convents. Father! Father! the blow has all but fallen! Does not thy soul stand appalled at the pending stroke? Does not thy spirit weep to see religion and royalty thus entombed in a common grave?"

The abbot, for some moments, seemed stupefied by the mournful tidings, and made no answer. "*Miserere, Domine!*" The cry for mercy fell trembling from his lips as he roused himself, meeting the compassionate look of Benedict.

"Alas! my son," he said, "something of this sad warfare I had learned in thy absence, but thy message has well-nigh palsied my brain.

"Aye, 'tis grievous to know that fair France, the eldest daughter of mother church, is thus distraught. The wrath of God is in this work: let us fast and pray the more that His vengeance descend not upon us."

"Fasting and prayer, Father Abbot, will not avert the inevitable doom which hangs over La Trappe. To-morrow we may be forced from its shelter, and shelter and food we must have so long as we live in the flesh. The towns-people of the Swiss canton of Fribourg, in anticipation of our banishment, have offered to Father Augustin, in our behalf, a refuge for such of us as it will not be possible to accommodate in the house at Valsainte. Moreover, our ever-zealous superior hopes now to see fulfilled his long-cherished designs in favor of America."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Father Urban, with enthusiasm. "There will the sons of Saint Benedict reap for heaven a goodly harvest of souls. There, my son, will the monks be shaping hands in the midst of chaos, teachers among the untaught, guides to faith through war-created darkness."

Dim twilight was gathering, and the bells for complin were calling the monks to the chapter-house, when the two men brought to a close the conference so fraught with interest to them. Father Urban, prayerful and penitential, as well by nature as by force of the monastic rule, seemed to

have put aside for the sacred duties of the moment all thought of the fast-approaching exile and its attendant sufferings. If one distracting thought found place in his mind as the evening service went on, what wonder was it, when, for long years, he had hoped to be among the chosen ones for the mission in the New World?

"While France," he thought, "feels the thunder-shock of revolution, America will see the lightning-flash from the storm, in the teaching which it is in our power to give."

Father Benedict, on the contrary, gave little thought to the future which, however bright with promise to one zealous for souls, was yet in distant prospective. The present impending crisis claimed his whole care, and to him it was freighted with terrible forebodings. Although a subordinate, he felt a great burden of solicitude for his well-beloved brethren of the cloister and the children of the school. To be sure, the former were men like himself, grown strong in soul by self-denial, and needing no creature power to sustain them; for the latter, nothing more could be done than to say to them that, by the government of France, a long vacation was granted them, that they were school-free, since, for the time, schools were abolished and teachers proscribed. Some would realize the meaning of this ominous turn in their life-tide; many others would not, for the greater number of pupils at La Trappe were boys of tender age. There would be some tears and some rejoicing, and great commotion in making ready for the homeward journey. Boyish friendships would be made ever-enduring by pledges and promises, little enmities would be forgiven, and all the dormant tendernesses of a boy's deep-feeling nature would awake to hallow the leave-taking. Benedict's thoughts went round to them all, and many cares did he give himself, this good father, for his love for the children was deep and fond.

It was noon-day when Benedict, this time duly habited in cowl and gown and the long white scapular,

again visited the abbot's office. Urban greeted him with the usual "*Benedicite*," adding "Heaven's strength be granted thee, good son," as Benedict bent his knee to receive the blessing invoked.

"What bringeth thee now to my uncongenial quarters?"

"To speak with thee, Father Abbot," replied the *enconom*, "of one both well and unfavorably known to us—Monsieur Moretti."

"Moretti! ay, truth to say, that name hath not a pleasant sound to us. But how now doth the phantom haunt our ways?"

"Monsieur Moretti, Father Abbot, as I learn from to-day's post, is dead."

"Dead, sayest thou? *Requiescat in pace!*"

"And, moreover, I am advised by the man of law who settled his worldly accounts that, by his last will and testament, M. Moretti bequeaths to the monks of La Trappe the sum of one hundred francs, together with the legacy, to hold in trust of his nephews, Pietro and Carlo Cruz."

"A precious endowment from one so long indebted to us! But remorseful contrition has entered more than one poor soul in the hour of its passing. God be praised for His tender mercy!"

"Thy thoughts are wandering heavenward again, Father Abbot," said Benedict, a trifle impatient at Urban's digression, spiritual though it was. "Hear me, I pray, in this earthly concern. The children—what of them?"

"The children, my son? What children, I beg of thee? Ah! I remember me now. The two wee lads from Italy—Pietro and Carlo. Why, Benedict, since Moretti, the uncle, has bequeathed to us the control of their mite, what less can we do than keep the birdlings in the nest till their wings are strong-feathered for flight?"

"Which means that the orphans are to become, virtually, the wards of the Trappist community?"

"Yes, in plain truth, it does. Go now, and may heaven guide us in all things."

Exile, the dismemberment of their school, the rending of the monastic

life-web, so firmly knitted, were the portion of suffering which the Revolution brought to the monks of La Trappe. No deeper grief than this did Christian France ever know. To read the history of that time is like forcing one's way through a garden grown wild with briars and rank weeds; yet it is in the midst of such growths as these that the flower of romance opens in fullest beauty.

CHAPTER II.

CARLO THE PETIT, AND THE FLOWER-GIRL OF VALSAINTE.

Switzerland, it may well be fancied, is pre-eminently the land of strong home ties, of abiding charms that fill and satisfy the hearts of her children; of poetry and music imbued with the pathos that links itself with love of country and the hearth-stone.

De Lamartine, of French political fame, tells most touchingly, in his memoirs, of how he found solace in the fisherman's hut on Lake Geneva, when France, like a mother demented, disclaimed such as he as her offspring. How the fisherman's little daughter, demure and pretty, offered him the simple cakes of her own baking and the fish from her father's own net; and how the honest man of hook and line would sit by to ply with questions his fine guest, who, after all his host's pains, left him wondering, in his untraveled mind, what manner of man was this! The sunset colors on the lake, the green-mounted hills, the high noon splendor and the demi-tints of twilights, charmed and soothed the sensitive-minded exile.

As Switzerland befriended Lamartine, so did she welcome the refugees from La Trappe. The canton of Fribourg was one of those subdivisions of the country which, after the religious upheaval of the seventeenth century, remained Catholic and independent. And at Valsainte, in this canton, the archabbot of the great Benedictine order, Dom Augustine de l'Estrange, found harbor for his banished brethren, some—the greater number—in the

monastery, others in the houses of the hospitable peasantry.

Late one evening, when the town noises were hushing into silence, two boys were sitting at the door of a low-browed cottage, well back from the street, and embowered in trees, vines and shrubbery. The elder of the boys could not have been more than nine years of age, and the younger looked scarcely seven. A glance would have told that they were brothers, for they had the same straightforward brown eyes, the same dark, ringleted hair, the same olive-tinted cheek and delicate contour of features. They talked together in French; for, though they were sons of blue-skied Italy, the few words of their mother tongue, learned in still earlier years, had been supplanted by the language of France.

"Pietro," said the little one, "what strange country is this? It is not like that country by the sea, where you say we once lived with father and mother."

"What dost thou know about countries, *petit*? and why shouldst thou think that one is different from another?"

"Then, Pietro, why didst thou tell me that there is a country more beautiful than any other in the world?"

"Listen, Carletto, and I will tell thee why. That beautiful country was Italy, and Father Benedict says it is not far from here—only across the mountains. Long ago—I can just remember it, *petit*—we lived there in a great, tall house by the sea, and father kept a light burning on dark nights, to show the sailors the dangerous places. Oh! but it was glorious there! We could watch the big ships go by, and see the blue water wave all over the top, just as if something underneath was pushing it up."

"I guess it was the sea-serpents that pushed up the water, Pietro," said Carlo, his eyes dilated with the excitement of the thought. "They say that such frightful things live down in the water."

"I know not, Carletto, what lives under the sea, but I do know that all the wild creatures ever made could not

have hurt us while father and mother were there to take care of us. But, O *petit*, when they left us! I can close my eyes and see her, our beautiful mother, so white and still in the narrow coffin: and then when father died too—dost thou not remember that, *petit*? how Uncle Moretti took us away from the light-house, and sent us to school at La Trappe?"

"Uncle Moretti was bad, and I don't want to remember anything about him!" the infantile Carlo asserted.

"Hush! *petit*," said wise Pietro. "It is wrong for thee to say that Uncle Moretti was bad, for he is dead, too, now."

"But, Pietro, he was bad to us; for did he not want us to be soldiers when we grew up, and didst thou not shake thy fist at him and tell him 'No! I will never be a soldier, for soldiers are wicked.'"

"Yes! that I did," replied the elder brother with childish vehemence. "I hate war, I hate battles and swords, and I hope I shall never see another soldier."

What secret influence was at work with Pietro's early-forming ideas? His childish mind could surely not grasp the sad political and religious situation of his native country at that time, for Italy was then at war with the Papacy, Genoa, Venice and Naples were arrayed, with especial vindictiveness, against Rome, and civil war thus made the fair land a house divided against itself. Perhaps the boy's pious mother had told him something of these great things, bidding him remember that there were better and nobler callings than that of war in an unworthy cause. And perhaps the inborn child-love of church and country, fostered thus and outleaping the growth of reason itself, instinctively resented wrongs not half comprehended. However that may have been, it is certain that Pietro Cruz was, above all things, a peace-lover, both as a child, ruled by impulse, and as a man, with full understanding of the joy-bestowing power of peace. Strange, then, that Joachimo Trieste, the sim-

ple-hearted shepherd under whose roof the orphans had found a temporary home, should have misjudged him so, saying one day to his wife, Martina:

"The time will come, good wife, when the lad Pietro will outsoldier the bravest of these war-crazy rebels beyond the Alps. Thinnest not so? Thou hearest more of his outspoken thoughts than I, and can better tell which way his liking leans."

"Nay, Joachimo, I know not," the knitting, nervous spouse replied. "The child puzzles me. Verily, that eye of his, bold and bright as it is, might be fit to light the face of a soldier; but yet, when he holdeth peaceful speech with the little Carlo, methinks I never saw a gentler glance. Pietro's face is like an April sky—now shining with laughter, and anon overhung with clouds of deep thought that it seems to me should not gather on a brow so youthful."

"Ay, ye womenfolk have such a proneness for putting a man's brains into a boy's skull; and then, behold, every lad that does not scamper and shout the livelong day, is a prodigy of reasoning power. I'll warrant ye the green out yonder has been turned to a battle-ground more than once of late; and I would not wonder if this same sober Pietro has donned in fancy the casque and plume, and brandished his childlike spruce-wood sword with the loudest of them."

"As thou wilt, Joachimo, as thou wilt. I can but say that in what I have seen of their sports, Pietro ever yields the game to Carlo; for many's the time I've watched him turn the course of the luck so neatly that even a wittier lad than Carlo might have thought the winning all his own work."

Now it chanced the very next day after the conversation just recorded, that the rumor went abroad in the countryside east of Valsainte that a band of Benedictine monks with some students had passed that way, coming afoot from beyond the Danube. They were much travel-worn, reports said, and had suffered on the route from want and the sickness of some of their

number. The wayside inns in Austria, it was said, had, in pity, been opened to them, for the travelers had not wherewith to obtain food and shelter.

The pilgrims proved to be none other than Abbot Urban with the faithful Benedict, returning to the monastery at Valsaïnte with recruits for the long-contemplated mission in America. In the annals of the Trappist branch of the Benedictine order may be found the recountal of that wearisome search for workers in America. How Urban, full of enthusiastic zeal, traversed Austria, the German Empire, and even schismatic Russia in quest of co-laborers; and how Benedict, none the less ardent, aided in his practical way the crusade preached by his fervor-heated superior. How they bore hunger and cold, were fed and warmed by sweet charity; and how, at last, they came back to Valsaïnte two-score strong, praying in their hearts like the martyrs of Sebaste, "Forty are we, O Lord; sustain us by Thy might." But of all that let history tell. It is enough for us to know that, on one particular morning soon after his return to the monastery, Father Benedict betook himself to the cottage of Joachimo Trieste to look after the community wards, Pietro and Carlo Cruz.

It seemed to Pietro that life had never held so much sunshine as on that morning, so glad was his heart and so overflowing with welcome for the long-absent father. And when the good monk was gone again, the brothers felt such great, uplifting joy from the tidings he had brought to them! For in two weeks they were to sail for the New World. Carlo, of course, rejoiced with much laughter, skipping and whirling about, merely because Pietro was so glad; and Pietro was glad, because—why "just because," he might have answered with childish unreason, had he been asked the cause of his mirth. He could not have explained how that dark foreboding went slipping out of his mind, and how he now no longer felt that fate had foreclosed his young life in the warring way of the times, a way which his soul dreaded and abhorred.

"Oh, *petit*," he said to Carlo, "dost thou know what it all means? We're going to that grand new world that Columbus found across the ocean—and we'll never be separated—and we'll always be, oh, so happy! Dost thou hear, Carletto?"

"Hear, Pietro? thou speakest so bold the very trees might hear; M. Trieste hears thee and thou knowest, Pietro, he is deaf, too. He wants to know all about it, Pietro. Look! he is making strange signs to us from the window."

Pietro's version of what had lately happened, and of what was yet to come to pass with the missionary party, is not recorded. But is it not natural to suppose that Joachimo Trieste, simple-hearted, wonder-loving man that he was, felt and betrayed the utmost curiosity concerning the whole matter; and did not Pietro, giving free rein to his fancy, dilate on the glorious possibilities of the near-approaching future? Indeed, we may be sure that honest, quizzical Joachimo heard that day a marvelous tale, and that Pietro went to rest that night with his thoughts afloat on the pink clouds of fancy, food for dreams of Paradise crowding his busy brain.

But, alas! his joy was not for long. Scarce three days had passed when Carlo was stricken with a deadly fever. The story of his illness and of Pietro's agony, meanwhile, is short and quickly told. A few days by Carlo's bedside; hours of silent suspense and tender, caressing watchfulness on the part of the devoted brother; and for the suffering innocent, the fever-fire consuming within him, the whirling flights and wild words of delirium, and then near the last, an interval of consciousness, and a recognizing glance at the familiar faces above his bed. The peering, anxious faces were there of Joachimo Trieste and his wife Martina, the kindly compassionate one of Father Benedict, and Pietro's own, speaking love through his tear-bright eyes. The few, faintly-whispered last words, the last look into the life-glass, whose sand-grains were shivering low, the last folding of the hands, and Carlo

was at rest in the arms of Michael, the Archangel, receiver of souls.

They buried little Carlo in the quiet God's acre just outside the walls of the monastery at Valsainte. Pietro, going day after day to the spot, knelt and wept for the lost *petit*, forgetting in his sorrow the comforting words of Father Benedict: "Arm thy heart with courage, my dear son, remembering always that the tomb is but the cradle of a second life, and that a hand tenderer than a mother's rocks it."

One day, as he approached the tiny mound so precious to him, he saw with amazement that it was covered with fresh and beautiful flowers. There were the white, star-shaped mountain daisies, purple orchid blossoms, golden water-flags, and red poppies on long, thick stems, like green waxen torches blown into flame. He forgot for the moment his grief and loneliness. These bright "smiles of God" spoke to him of some kind one's presence; but looking about, he saw only the still expanse of green turf, the monuments, the trees, and the sunlight clothing them with golden glory. Deeply moved by the sympathetic touch of the unknown hand, he dropped on his knees and poured out his full heart in plaintive pleading to the lost *petit*. "Oh, *Carletto mio!*" he cried, "the sunshine and flowers only make me know how lonely I am without thee."

He stayed longer with the dead than usual that evening, and when at last he rose to leave the place, daylight was merging into dusk. As he turned away he felt a hand laid softly on his arm, and a low voice said to him:

"Listen a moment, I pray thee, good Pietro. It was I who brought the flowers, and I want to tell thee that when thou art far away in the New World, I will guard the little grave most tenderly."

Pietro did not lift his eyes, for the tears blinded him. But the hand on his sleeve was small and white, and the voice was girlish and full of pity.

"I thank thee, kind maiden, for thy goodness," was all that he had time to say, for the flower girl was gone, as if

on the wings of the wind, and Pietro, wondering, wended his way back to the village.

Some two weeks after, an emigrant ship, manned and victualled none too well, put to sea from the port of Amsterdam. As she bore away into deep water the people on the pier shook their heads ominously, bidding her God-speed in anxious doubt and fear. The forty America-bound missionaries were on board, with Pietro Cruz among them. There was no little risk in setting out thus in a vessel which, if not actually unseaworthy, was at least seaworn, and in some measure unfit for so long a voyage. Abbot Urban, with his usual way of overlooking material obstacles, trusted Providence to carry them safely across. But the old saying, "Heaven best helps those who help themselves," was verified in this instance; for the voyage proved to be one of great suffering and anxiety, if not of real disaster. Unskillful piloting sent the hapless ship a bewildered course on the high seas; hunger and thirst came stalking aboard, doing well their evil work; and, to complete the measure of endurance, pirates attacked the ship in mid-ocean, terrorizing the half-starved passengers and crew, who, in this terrible crisis, were saved by the unconscious intervention of Pietro. For Urban, knowing that the adult members of his party would be searched, gave to him the bag of gold money, which was their sole worldly wealth. Inspired by danger, Pietro sunk the treasure in a keg of soap, and seated himself thereon, looking the embodiment of frightened innocence. The captain of the pirates coming upon him by a sudden turn, was struck with sudden remorse at sight of the forlorn figure, the hungry eyes and helpless, thin, white hands. Quicker than thought the bold sea robber gathered together his men, bade them give back what they had already stolen, and commanded them to leave the ship without further attempt at pilfering.

The ill-starred emigrant ship drifted at last into the harbor of New York.

Which is it most natural to consider: the providence of the Almighty, that set the winds in the right quarter, or the improvidence of the misguided abbot, who caused the lives of his helpers to be risked in such dangerous waters?

CHAPTER III.

A ROMANCE IN THE FALLS CITY OF THE SOUTH.

My story now moves on to the time when the city of Louisville, so fair to-day, was yet a township—the first trading post in the state, to be sure, but still the Falls City in embryo. Its streets were narrow lanes, unpaved, and the rapid transit, by means of the present electric motor railway system, would have created as much wonder among the villagers of those times as a trip to the moon on a flying-machine would startle us.

In a certain well-known quarter, where now the high buildings crowd each other, there was, in the olden time, a humble frame cottage, away back in a grassy yard that was gay with flowers and coolly shaded. Standing boldly out on the street line, and an adjunct to the cottage, was a shop of one room, bearing over its front door the sign :

NEIL DWINNING,
SHOEMAKER AND TANNER.

painted in letters of heroic size on a huge wooden boot of red. Neil Dwinning was a happy-go-lucky old bachelor, who exulted in his single-blessedness, and who looked with a philosophical eye at the great problem of ways and means, accepting with due gratititude the good things of to-day, and trusting to-morrow to take care of itself. He was generous to a fault, and might have been a financial ne'er-do-well, had it not been that one more money-wise than he held the purse-strings. And Meg Dwinning was, in more ways than one, her brother's keeper. The keeper of his house, the custodian of his business secrets, and

most important of all, the dispenser of his cash. She was something of a household tyrant, but Neil was submissive, and meekly bent his will to the vagaries of her government. The small world beneath the cottage roof-tree was lighted up and made complete by the sweet presence of Colette, the fair niece of the worthy two. There was some hidden power of attraction about this slender girl, with her modest brown eyes so virtue-revealing,—an indefinable difference of manner and tone of character by which she stood a unique figure in the circle, which then was only forming into the present orbit called society. Perhaps it was the fact that she came from over the water that caused her companions to draw between her and themselves that fine line of distinction which endured through years of new-world intimacies.

An evidence of her innate refinement was her great love for flowers; and this was how it came that the grassy yard was so bright with blossoms of old-time gorgeousness.

The little family of three lived on quite peacefully, as a general thing, but the domestic sky darkened one morning, and Meg and Neil quarrelled in right good earnest,

"An' ye say, Neil Dwinning," demanded Meg, in strident tones, "that ye hae employed this young mon, when it's a' we can do to mak' bread for our ain mouths?"

"Hae a care, Meg, hae a care," cautioned Neil. "Ye would na' want the stranger to hear ye talking sae unwelcomely?"

"Nay, I'm e'en that vexed that I dinna ken that I care wha hears me. For by the wark that it 'll cost me to ha' this young gent as ye ca' him, to cook for and to see after in mony ways, there's the danger o' gettin' him i' the family for good and a', seein' that there's sic a trig lass as Colette——"

"Hout, Meg, dinna ye fash yoursel' about the lassie—she's na' that forrit that I dare na' keep a lad to give me a helpin' han' i' the shop and the tanyard. Besides, Meg, this callant was bred up i' a place where womankind are seldom seen, and I hae my doobts

about his kenning the art o' courting at a'. Gin the holy monks wha gie him his trainin' had na the means to keep licht thocts frae rinnin' in his pate, I dinna ken wha would."

"Ah! weel, a wilfu' man maun hae his way, but ye ken how it is wi' young folk. They're e'en as cunnin' as the fox i' the braes."

"It's na' muckle that either o' us kens about love-makin' and a' that, see'n that I ne'en went a courtin' and ye, nae mair, was ever wooed that onybody kens o'."

Cruel thrust this was, and Neil repented his rudeness immediately the words were uttered.

"Tut, tut, Meg," he pleaded when his irate sister threw down her knitting and gave way to a burst of angry tears, "dinna ye mind now—I meant nae harm. Wha would care for me, I wonner, gin ye had been swoopit intil the sea o' matrimony?"

Neil proved himself an accomplished diplomat by the way he tided over Meg's anger that day, for his words had touched a very sore spot. But she relented at last, so far as to ask the newcomer's name.

"Ye maun ca' him Peater-Piater-Crutch, as weel as I can make out the surname." Neil, as he said this, pulled himself together, giving a hitch-up to his baggy jeans trousers, and a jerk-down to the brick-colored flannel blouse in which he was always seen, bidding Meg in the meanwhile to "hae the lassie to snood up her hair and pit on a clean pinafore for the stranger."

That first day of Pietro's apprenticeship was one of strange emotions. For he had, unwittingly, imbibed something of the monastic spirit during his life with the monks, and fancied, perhaps, that woman nature was strongly leavened with a heart-disturbing power it was well to avoid. Then, too, his tongue was not trained in that school which teaches the commonplaces of courtesy, and his few words of English had barely sufficed for his late intercourse with the shoemaker. Fresh from the abbey, and world-undisciplined, what could he do when presented to the formidable Meg and

lovely Colette, more than make his bow and falter their names?

But if he did not raise his eyes sufficiently to witness a little show of feeling which took place in that first meeting, Meg and her brother were well awake to the signs that were passing. At the sight of the dark-faced youth, the fair Colette started and changed color in a way that boded the need of future sharp vigilance on their part.

"Saw ye ever the like," thought Neil. "Of a' the riddles in nature, womankind is the maist complex. Wha would hae thoct Colette would haen been sae upset, when she kens weel that ilka lad in the town wad gie his twa een for ane glance o' hers?"

But the ceremony of introduction was not altogether a pantomime; for Meg, to whom silence was at all times an irksome state, soon set the ball of discourse in motion.

"Maister, can ye na' speak English?" asked she of the silent new member of the house.

"Non, Mademoiselle, but little—not many words of that language do I know"—and, turning to Neil, Pietro asked: "*Parlez-vous Francais, monsieur?*"

Niel stared. He had heard some little French in his time, but this precise combination of words puzzled him. He appealed to Collette, whose face told that she understood the question.

"D' ye ken his meanin', my lass?"

"Yes, uncle, I do," she replied. "The gentleman wishes to know if you speak French?"

A new phase of the situation thus presented itself. With Colette as interpreter for the interesting stranger, what fine threads of circumstance might spin and weave themselves into a net around the two? Meg was thoroughly nonplussed. Of what avail would be her watchful eyes now when the young people had a language all their own, and might, as she expressed it, "be billin' and cooin' under her very nose ane o' these days for a' she might ken." Yet she tightened the screws on her resolution

to stand guard in all the ways that lead to the palace of love's young dream accomplished. Poor, deluded Meg! Could her best-laid plans keep the wild-rose blush from Colette's rounded cheeks, or smooth out the ripples of her shining brown hair? And what was to prevent Pietro's attention wandering from his work, when she was in view from the shop window tending the flowers she loved so well? The growth of love in the soul is a secret hidden from undiscerning eyes. Like the coral formed under the sea, its beauty lies deep in the heart, concealed by the waves of innate reserve. In her home life Colette was all that was attractive; but it was not only there that she unconsciously displayed the charms of her bright, sympathetic nature. There was another sphere—the gay, laughing world of frolic and fun, in which she moved; and it came to be an expected thing for her to attend the merry-makings accompanied by Pietro, and chaperoned by Meg and Neil. On these occasions, when the afternoon was invariably rounded off with a dance, Pietro was content to sit and watch her lisome figure springing through reel and cotillion; and, indeed, it would have been small surprise to him, had

The music stopped to listen
To the patter of her feet.

Is it any wonder that this bewildering, new-found delight should have made wild work in the heart of the youth brought up in monastery shades?

It was some six or seven months after Pietro's two-fold apprenticeship began, that, one evening on the way back to town from one of those rural gatherings, the happy denouement was brought about. They were walking home along a shady road, fringed with the shining green-brier leaves, wild roses in bloom, and all the many-varied beauty of early summer wayside growth. Colette was radiant in her much-beruffled best gown and a deep bonnet of white, while Pietro was faultless in doublet and hose of genteel grey. Close behind them came Neil and Meg in holiday splendor—the for-

mer indifferent and the latter nervous with the desire to hear the conversation going on in front of her. But woe to tell! the young people spoke in French, which language each of them found it most convenient to use, and Meg, curious, prying Meg, was baffled for once.

"Pietro," Colette was asking, "do you like the dancing?"

"Oh! it is magic to me!" he replied. "The music and the motion fill my mind with wonder, and I sometimes fancy that I have passed into another world—all is so different from the quiet monastery."

"That must have been a strange, spiritual kind of life, indeed. To us of the gay, giddy world, the monks are so veiled in clouds of saintliness; and you, living so long with them, must have caught the spirit of constant penance and prayer."

Pietro laughed. "Ah!" said he, "once I thought myself so filled with that penitential spirit that I might put on the cowl and be a monk, too. But when I went to Father Urban with my pious ambitions, he said to me: 'No, my son, not yet—there is more than one step from the school-room to the cloister. Go out into the world for a time, for it is there that the novitiate really begins.' I obeyed, and—"

"And found the world a place of vanity?" Colette laughingly interrupted.

"Oh, as to that, you know it is hard to draw the line between what is vain and what is indirectly useful; trifling causes sometimes work an amount of good. Now, I know it was vanity in me to think that it would not be long before I should return to the log-built monastery down in these Kentucky wilds, and help to put up a grand abbey of stone on the spot, such as the one at Valsainte."

"Valsainte!" involuntarily repeated Colette.

Pietro looked at her; but her face, all encarmined with blushes, was turned the other way. "Do you know the place?" he asked.

"Yes—I once lived at Valsainte. My father and mother are both sleeping in the grave-yard just outside the

monastery walls. Do you remember that 'city of the dead,' Pietro?"

"I could sooner forget my own name. Carlo is buried there, too. I have told you of him, and of the good angel who came with the flowers. Oh! how bright the memory of that little maiden has colored my whole life since. But tell me, Colette, tell me when was it that you lived at Valsainte? We may have seen each other there—who knows?"

"Ah! we may have, yes—stranger things have happened. But listen and you shall hear something of my early life. My father, though an Italian, as I have told you, was employed in a printing office in Lyons at the time when the making of Catholic books was forbidden. My poor mother, whom I cannot remember except as an invalid, was crushed by this misfortune, which would make us exiles a second time; for father's work as a printer had been taken from his hands by the same kind of persecution in Venice. I know not why he fled with us to Valsainte, unless it was with the hope that the mountain air would benefit my sick mother. It was a vain hope, for soon she died there, and it was not long till father was laid in the grave beside her. A kind lady took pity on the little orphan they left behind; she gave me a home, and her own children were the only brothers and sisters God ever sent me. Uncle Neil, finding me at last, took me to live with him in the great city of Glasgow. The ocean is between us and the dear old world now, but its memories, Pietro, are they not always with us?"

"Colette! Colette! you touch the strings too softly—why not tell me more, for there must be more, of that life you led in Valsainte. I have wondered, and perhaps shall always wonder, who was the flower-girl that stood beside me at Carlo's grave—and shall I never know but that your life, too, is linked in some mysterious way with mine?"

"Well, Pietro, that you may know the one who placed the daisies and poppies on your brother's grave was a creature of real flesh and blood, I will tell you this much: there was at Valsainte a flower-girl who saw you often playing on the village green, but—I am quite sure that you never noticed her. She was fond of little Carlo, and would sometimes give him a blossom from her basket as she was passing. She was very sad, I know, when her new friend died, and maybe that was why she thought of him afterward in the way you have described."

"Her name, Colette, her name? and was she as fair and good as I have fancied her?"

"That I cannot tell."

"But you have seen her? you were her friend—else how would you know that she was fond of the lost *petit*?"

"Oh—why—because—I was once called the 'Flower-girl of Valsainte'!"

When these two young people went to Neil and Meg with their wonderful story, the group would have made a scene for a painter. Indeed, Meg's face alone was a picture, and Neil's great eyes glared over his silver-rimmed glasses like two rising suns at sea.

"Heard ye ever the like o' that!" he exclaimed. "I would not gie the worst pair o' shoon I ever made for a' the watchin' ye hae done, Meg. Aweel! it's just as good sae, nae doubt. It is not gi'en to ilka mon to ken the blessin' o' single life."

The late evening sun came pouring into the room, fell straight and still on the lintel and made the door-cheek blush with its reddening rays. That day, just closing, ushered in the long day of Pietro's after life; and there we will leave him, content to know that

The dawn is brightening to the bridal morn. And aged and gray, in his second childhood, I knew, as I know some of my own kin, the Pietro who led his Colette to the altar.



BY MARY M'NEILL SCOTT.

A SUMMER day in Satsuma—a day so radiant that every living thing should have been out reveling in breeze and blossom and sunshine; but mail-day was close upon me, and I was in my quiet room trying to write letters home.

For the first time it was work. I looked up to my low Japanese ceiling of thin, lapped boards; then I looked at the old, battered desk which had come with me half round the world; then I looked dreamily out at my quaint and dainty little garden, all irregular with tiny bridges and lakes and hillocks, but I found no inspiration.

There was a sound of wooden shoes on the stone incline that led up to my gate.

"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, and with a sigh of cheerful resignation prepared to stow away my papers.

Horizoyé had stopped in on his way from school. His long sleeves hung

in points with the weight of his books, and his big, yellow sun-umbrella, adorned with his name in Chinese characters a foot long, made an aureole about his head and shoulders. It was a picture pleasantly familiar, but the slow steps and downcast face were so unlike his usual eager bearing that apprehension seized me. His clogs grated on the portal, and I could hear him give one a little impatient kick as he jerked his toe from its leather strap.

"*Kon-nichi-wa!*" I greeted as he entered.

Only a bow answered me.

"*O Kaké nasai!*" pushing a foreign chair toward him.

He threw himself into it, dropped his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands and announced gloomily:

"I am in the despair!"

"Why, Horizoyé!" I exclaimed, "What in the world has happened?"



A mournful shake of the head; then:

"To-day in the chemistree, and also the English composition, I misfortune to obtain zero. I am the fool!"

This really surprised me, for I knew him to be one of the brightest in that large school of four hundred boys.

"How did you happen to make so many mistakes?" I asked sympathetically.

"I am stupidly, and my memory is disease," he said with increasing gloom.

"But you are generally so good in those studies," I expostulated.

"I think it is for that I had not sleep in two nights," he said, after a little pause. My father has now the expel of *Yako*, and the many crowd fill so my house at night I do not find a place to study."

My sympathy gave way to curiosity.

"*Yako?*" I echoed. "What is *Yako*? I have never heard of it."

"Did you not hear?" he asked, raising for the first time his dejected countenance. "It is the sickness which Mr. Fox send for jealous woman."

"I have never heard a word about it," I reassured. "What kind of sickness is it, and how can a fox send it?"

"I will be pleased to tell you," he said, his intelligent face brightening, "but"—with a nervous little laugh—"I suppose not that a foreigner can believe it is true."

I hesitated a moment.

"Do you believe it?" I said.

Another embarrassed sound, half cough, half laugh, and that nervous gesture, so common to Japanese, of slipping the hands in and out of the big sleeves, but his bright eyes met mine fairly as he replied :

"Yes, I believe it is true. Many skillful doctor have say 'There is no reason for such sickness but Mr. Fox.'"

My languor and apathy had fled. I felt as one who spies the tint of a hidden amethyst in quartz. I moved my chair closer.

"Tell me all, Horizoyé," I pleaded. "Yano!" shrilly to the invisible house boy. "Cha! Hayaku! Hayaku!" (Tea! Hurry! Hurry!)

"Now never mind your grammar," I said. "You speak English a thousand times better than I do Japanese. Just tell me in the first words that come to you."

"My English is greatly error," he declared modestly, but I could see that he was regaining his usual cheerfulness under the influence of my praise and tea.

"To start to speak," he said, thoughtfully gazing at his distorted image in the bowl of his spoon, "it is only the woman who is able to send *Yako* by Mr. Fox. She can send to other woman or to man, but if man is very healthful, *Yako* will pass by him and disease his mother or sister."

"What is usually the motive, the reason, for sending it?" I asked.

"It is most usually the envy or jealousy," he said. "Woman are very jealous!" and shook his head sadly and cheered himself with a deep and audible draught of tea, before he continued.

"When jealous woman desire to





send it, she will start up in the mid-time of night, taking with her seven kind of food. She take the fish, the salt, the bean, rice which is cook and not cook, the wine called *saké*, and certain kind of *amé* (candy) which Mr. Fox like best. She will take, by fear, to lonely graveyard, and will put on the ground with small lantern and pray violently to Mr. Fox. She will many time declare her hate, and will ask Mr. Fox to dart sharp arrow in the heart of enemy. She ask him please accept the offer of food and to assist her wish. The next mid-time of night she return, and if food is eat she know the possibility of her desire."

"But, Horizoyé," I interrupted, "suppose the food has been eaten by people, or by dogs, instead of foxes? What then?"

Horizoyé smiles a knowing smile.

"There is not person in Satsuma who would touch such basket," he said; "for *Yako* will take at once them, and the dog will not walk even short distance in graveyard."

"So *desu ka?*" (Is that so?), I remarked. "Well, if the offering is accepted by Mr. Fox, how soon does *Yako* affect the person to whom it is sent?"

"In a very few day that person will become disease. He will act like mad person. He cannot sleep, and will start often up to cry, 'Mr. Fox attack me! Mr. Fox is now eat my vital! Oh! oh! I am teared into piece!'"

Horizoyé was warming to his subject. He saw his enthusiasm reflected in my eyes.

"It is very curious disease," he said, with his little nervous laugh. "The foreigner can never believe such manner."

"Never mind what I believe," I said quickly. "It is very, very interesting. Does the sick man at your father's house act in this way?"

"It is not a man at the house of my father," he said, with renewed consideration of grammar. "It is the woman."

"Oh," I exclaimed.

"She is *geisha*, or dancing girl," he said; "and she is very *hep-pin*." (pretty).

"I wish I could see her," I said. "Is she at your house now?"

"She must stay at my house until she is cure," he replied. "To-night I think she will be cure."

"What kind of medicine does your father give her?"

"There is no medicine for such sickness," he answered, "and very few men can cure, but my father is most famous to expel *Yako*. He does so by reading the ancient book of Okio, and he drives away the evil by power. He is most skillful *Hakuai*."

"Horizoyé," I exclaimed, with a sudden thought, "don't you think he would let me come to-night and see him expel it?"

"My father would be much honor," Horizoyé declared. "I will ask him."

"Suppose I walk home with you," I suggested, as he rose to go a few moments later; "then we can ask him together."

As my friend approved of this idea, we were soon out on one of the quaint old streets of this ancient Satsuma town, sheltered by the same huge paper umbrella, and keeping friendly step—he in his heavy clogs, I in my American calf skin low-quarters.

On the way I gained some interesting particulars of the case. A few

days before, the patient had discovered some hairs of a fox in her sleeve. Recognizing this as the *Yako* fetish—the malignant charm—she immediately displayed violent symptoms of the disease.

Her distressed relations searched for the malefactor and were soon rewarded. Jealousy, as Horizoyé had said, was at the root of the offense.

The lover of an older and less attractive dancing girl

had been lured away, and this was the revenge. When first accused, the woman had made no reply, in spite of the evidence against her; and for several days she had remained obdurate. But now, at last, she had confessed, and had promised to send that night an old woman to the house of the *Hakuai*, to act as agent or sponsor.

In Japan, all affairs of this kind are transacted through old women, and in this case one was especially needed, for if the guilty person had appeared, it would have been at the risk of her life.

Just as Horizoyé finished telling me this, we reached the narrow lane which led to his home.

Passing under the gate, with its scooping blue-tiled roof, I noticed that it was hung with the straw rope and fluttering strips of white paper which always indicate a religious ceremony.

In the large reception-room, ropes were swung from corner to corner, caught there by bunches of paper ribbons.

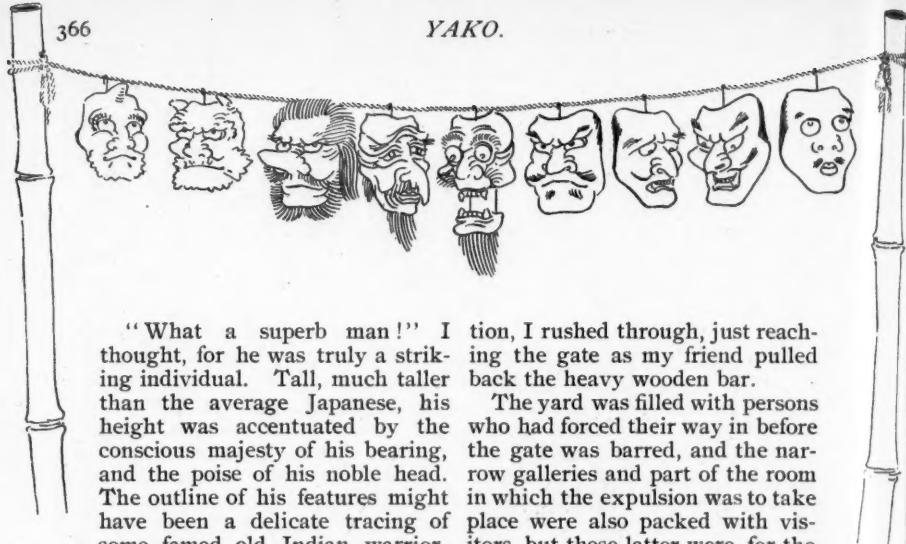
The *toko*, or shallow alcove corresponding to our bay window, usually adorned with a slender vase and one graceful spray of flowers, was now crowded with weapons wherewith to overthrow the enemy, *Yako*.

Hanging in the center was an old, old *kakemono*, or scroll-picture representing the goddess Inari Sama, and two attendant foxes. Before this stood a small lacquered tray, with curved legs, holding the seven kinds of food that foxes are supposed to prefer. Near by lay seven arrows with gaudy feathers and blunt leather tips, and a richly-ornamented bow of ancient design. To the extreme right of the *toko* stood a shallow bronze vessel of water; on the left, a dish containing cake and fruit, while just in front of all, an exquisite *koro*, or incense burner of priceless old Satsuma ware, sent up each moment its delicate clouds of incense.

While I was still examining this curious collection, I heard the sliding of a *shoji* behind me, and, looking round, saw that Horizoyé's father, the famous *Hakuai*, had entered.







"What a superb man!" I thought, for he was truly a striking individual. Tall, much taller than the average Japanese, his height was accentuated by the conscious majesty of his bearing, and the poise of his noble head. The outline of his features might have been a delicate tracing of some famed old Indian warrior. The eyes had the same keen look, but in the strong, repressed mouth, there was no hint of savagery. It was the mouth of a student, a judge, and about the corners were etched those fine lines which show a scornful reading of human frailty.

When Horizoyé introduced us, he gave me courteous, if unsmiling, welcome.

I explained, with some diffidence, the object of my visit. He flashed one strange look at me, and I fancied I saw a sarcastic twitch of his lips, as he gravely assented; but in spite of this I left the house more anxious than ever to see the mysterious rites of which I had heard.

About half-past eleven that night I returned. There was excitement in the very air, as I neared the house, and groups of people gathered here and there in the street, as if discussing some topic of unusual interest. A dense crowd was gathered outside the gate, and for some time it seemed doubtful whether I should be able to get in at all.

After some moments of ineffectual pushing, I raised my voice and called, in English, for Horizoyé.

The crowd fell back, whispering: "Sayojin!" "Sayojin!" (foreigner), and in that first pause of consterna-

tion, I rushed through, just reaching the gate as my friend pulled back the heavy wooden bar.

The yard was filled with persons who had forced their way in before the gate was barred, and the narrow galleries and part of the room in which the expulsion was to take place were also packed with visitors, but these latter were, for the most part, friends and relatives of those concerned.

Horizoyé had reserved a cushion for me, and we had scarcely finished our numerous bows of greeting, when silence fell upon the audience, and I saw the *Hakuai* slowly advancing up the long room.

I had thought this man superb in his plain house garments. What could I call him now! Clad in the shimmery silken robes of old Japan, all worked and wrought in mystic designs, in dragons and serpents, in strange, fantastic devices that writhed at every motion, he seemed a fitting high priest for all cabalistic lore. His eyes were haughtily downcast; his shoulders set as though he disdained the work before him. One hand rested on his left thigh, where two ancient swords thrust through the silken girdle; the other held a slender, black wand.

When he reached the *toko* at the end of the room, he slowly sank on his knees before it, giving three deep and ceremonious bows. He then drew from his sleeve a curious, brown rosary, and wrapping it twice around his left hand, caught the pendant loop with his right, and began rubbing the strands together, with a harsh, vibrating noise. There was not a movement in the audience, and no sound was heard except the hoarse clatter

of the flying beads. Then he drew in his breath with a long, gasping sound, and began an incantation.

Low and incoherent at first, the barbaric words rose in scale and volume, higher and higher, strung on a single breath, until they reached a weird falsetto. Then came a jerk—a gasp, another hissing inward breath, and the low muttering started anew.

There was a stir at the lower end of the room, and a whispering and craning of necks among the audience.

Horizoyé leaned towards me. "The Yako is now approach," he whispers.

A slim, graceful girl, whose bloodless face little suited the gorgeous dress she wore, came dully through the crowd. An old man, probably her father, followed her closely, and more than once pushed her forward as she hesitated and seemed uncertain how to proceed. She walked as one dazed. Her eyes never lifted, and her white face never changed its look of dull indifference.

She must
have been
beautiful
when
in



perfect health. The *Hakuai* rose from his knees and turned to meet her. Taking her hand, he led her to a place at the right of the *toko*, then knelt facing her and commenced again his incantations. Suddenly rising, he stood facing the audience for a moment's space, then demanded the presence of the agent.

With the rest of the crowd, I leaned forward and gazed frowningly toward the entrance of the room. I felt a sense of indignation, of personal grievance, against the evil-doer, since I had seen her victim, and I was scowling fiercely when there entered a little, withered, frightened soul, creeping timidly along, throwing appealing glances from side to side, as if pleading for clemency. When still at some distance from the priest she looked up and caught his eye, and, with a cry, fell to the floor, bowing and trembling.

He looked down upon her with scorn in his eyes, and said in Japanese: "Do you represent the woman who sent the curse of Yako to this poor girl?"

"I—I—do, Honorable Master," she faltered.

"O wicked deed!" he exclaimed. "Come," harshly, "view your work."

As she rose he grasped her shoulder and almost hurled her to the left of the *toko*, opposite the sick girl.

Horizoyé touched my arm. "Look at the eye of Yako," he whispered. I turned and shrank back as one who happens on a snake.

Out of that dull, livid face, downcast until now, the dark eyes burned, keen, concentrated, venomous, and in them hate spark-

led like fire-light on facet of cut jet.

At a sound from the priest, two servants entered bearing a roll of common white

cloth, which they unwound and spread upon the floor, commencing from the *toko* and making a broad, white path about twelve feet out into the room.

At this end, they placed a light bamboo frame, such as is used for drying clothes, and then retired leaving the frame still empty.

Turning to the sick woman, the priest said something in a low tone. She tried to rise and began fumbling

at her rich *obi*. Someone from the audience came forward to assist her, and, to my horror, began unfastening her sash. Now, when the sash, or *obi*, of a Japanese woman is unwound, there is no telling what may follow; so I viewed with apprehension the final twist, and sighed a sigh of relief as her heavy robe fell off, only to disclose another one of crimson silk.

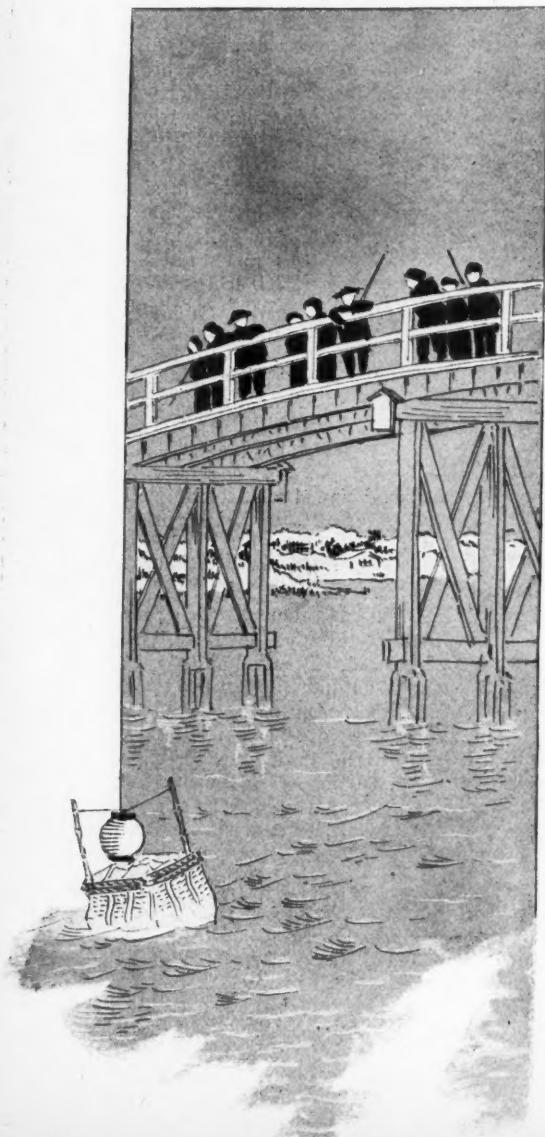
The girl sank into her former listless attitude, while the priest lifted the discarded garment. Holding it before the old woman, he asked if this was the *kimono* in which the fatal hairs had been concealed. When she answered "Yes" he laid it on the floor between them, and sprinkled it lightly with water from the bronze vessel in the *toko*. After this he made the old woman trace upon it the imaginary characters representing the name of the guilty person, and he traced with the point of the sword his name, the name of the sick girl, and the various titles of the goddess Inari Sama, the Deity of rice fields and ruler of foxes.

These ceremonies concluded, he raised the garment, and advancing slowly along the path of white cloth, until he reached the frame, spread it there with the sleeves spread wide and the rich skirt just touching the floor.

The old woman watched each motion with furtive anxiety, but the *Yako* evinced neither curiosity nor interest. Half kneeling, half lying upon the floor, with her right shoulder crushed against the wall and her face downcast, she never raised her eyes or changed her strange, dull expression.

The priest had retraced his steps until he stood before the *toko* and now stooped to lift the bow and the seven blunt arrows. Always with the same calm, deliberate mien, he knelt, facing the frame.

Holding the bow upright, he chose an arrow from the seven, and traced with it cabalistic outlines on the vacant air, then fitted it to his bow, and slowly, slowly drew back the cord. For one moment he held



it thus—the muscles of his splendid arm quivering where the heavy sleeve fell away, his mouth rigid, and his keen eyes darting forward ere the arrow flew. The crowd was breathless. Then there was a whizz, a thud, and the arrow rebounded from the quivering frame and lay on the cloth before it. Seven times he shot, and loudly invoked the evil spirit to leave the dress. The frame was removed, and he turned to the altar where the foxes' food was spread. Taking a round basket of thickly woven straw, with a round wooden bottom, he laid the seven articles within. About the edge he stuck little paper flags of many colors, sprinkled it with water, uttered some mystic charm accompanied by grotesque flourishes of the sword, and then placed it back in the *toko*.

"What are they going to do with that?" I cautiously whispered to my friend.

"They will take to the river it," he said, in a still more cautious whisper. "They will make offering of rice and wine to the river god, and he may please float the basket to shallow bank, where come Mr. Fox to drink water."

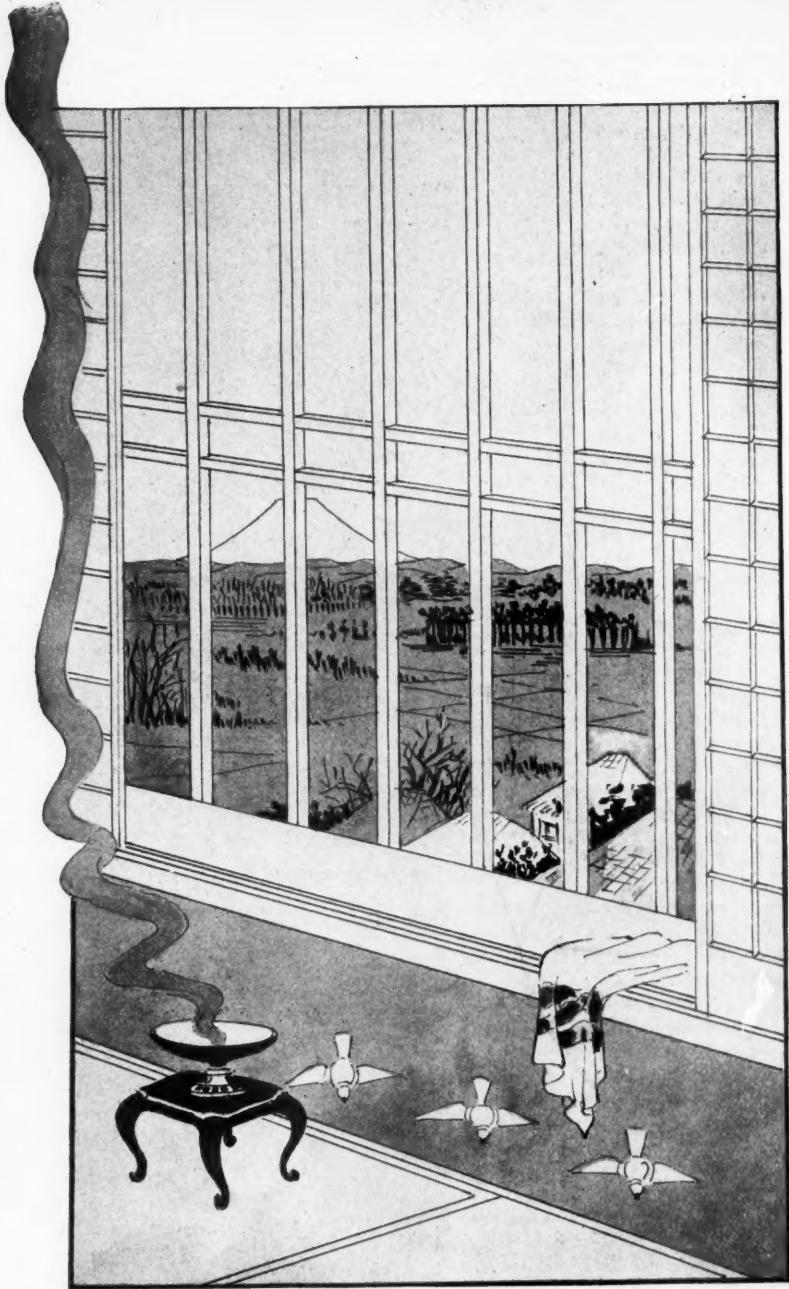
Before I could speak, a sharp command from the priest startled us both. He had turned directly to the old woman, who trembled like a dog under his vehement questionings, and gasped out replies I could not catch. He pointed her to a

"She will dance this night in a tea house."

spot before him, and as she tried to obey, impatiently pushed aside a low writing table, so that they knelt with only a foot of white cloth between them. She threw a terrified look around, then began nervously picking at her sleeve.

He looked at her silently for a moment, his quiet, scornful face making a wonderful contrast to her quivering features, then suddenly his body began to shrink and writhe down to the level of her's. It was a strange movement, sinuous, uncanny. His head never lost its erectness, but his face came nearer and nearer, and his eyes seemed to burn as with an inward fire. His eyes grew fierce with power, and the tortured soul before him knew that if she met that gaze she was lost. She threw





her head backward, turning it in dumb agony from side to side, gasping, suffocating, in desperate endeavor to avoid those eyes.

Her withered hands beat the air. Her quick breathing changed into low, piteous whines, and her body was rocking from side to side. Her terror communicated itself to the crowd.

We were faint, breathless. Oh, that horrible, unearthly conflict—the slow crushing of a weaker by a tyrant will!

The incense sickened me. Gray mists circled between me and the other faces, but everywhere glittered those terrible eyes. I drew my lip in between my teeth, and bit down fiercely upon it. The cruel face had taken on the smile of a victorious demon, and the eyes burned into the jerking face before them.

The old woman was now beating the air as one bereft, uttering with each stroke a sort of agonized

howl.
She seemed
to be going
mad.

Suddenly she gave a strange cry, and was still. The contest was over. Her eyes were on his. Never removing that wonderful gaze, he passed his hand over her forehead and her chest. He put a brush of India ink in her hand, and she wrote again the name of the woman she was representing. He gave her salt to eat, and water to drink, and she took both passively. After this he made two cornucopias of many sheets of fibrous papers, and bade her hold them. Then, taking his wand, he struck sharply on the floor beside her, repeating some weird incantation, and at each stroke the old woman jerked her hands upward. Faster and faster he struck. Faster and faster the old hands flew, until the papers commenced splitting into ribbons, and seemed but blurred masses of white.

"Has the evil left thee?" the deep voice cried.

"Yes! Master. Yes!"

"Wilt thou command the *Yako* to depart?"

"I will! O Honorable Lord! I have commanded!" she gasped, her body swaying, her hands with their flying papers beating frantically on her knees.

"Wilt thou ever send to another?"

"Never, Master, never!" Her voice was a wail. She was almost fainting, but she must strike in accord with that magic wand.

"Give up the hairs of the fox which thou dost carry."

"I cannot cease," she moaned. "It is—my *obi*."

He leant forward, took a small folded paper from the waistband of her sash, and opened it to disclose a few reddish hairs, corresponding to those found in the sleeve of the sick woman.



"Is this all?"

"Aye, Master! All!
All!"

He stopped, set his gaze even more fiercely for a moment, then tossed aside the rapping wand. The spell lifted, the poor old creature sank into a trembling heap that gave every now and then a moan or a spasmodic jerk. He took the shredded paper from her hands, and placed it, together with the foxes' hair, in the straw basket.

Then he turned to the sick girl, who had at last begun to show signs of animation, and passed his hand gently across her forehead; after which he rose and held out his hand for her to stand beside him.

The audience also rose and hurried toward the entrance. I could hear them at the threshold scrambling for their shoes.

"They are now make ready for the river," said Horizoyé. "I will you accompany."

The Hakuai and the sick girl had just passed me, closely followed by the shaking old woman.

I looked at them, then I looked at my watch. It was half-past two o'clock.

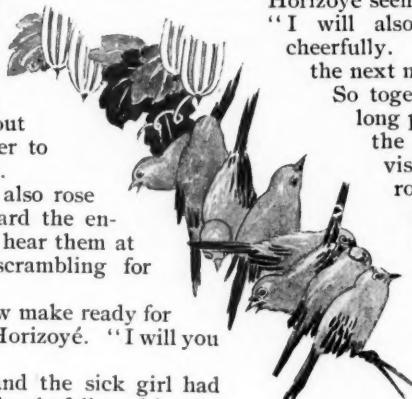
"How far is the river?" I asked.

"About one of English mile," he said.

I looked at my watch again.

"What will they do at the river besides making the offering of rice and wine?" I asked.

"It is not much to do," he answered. "The *Yako* will bear food toward and lay on top of the water. If she turn her face back even once while she is carry, the disease will again attack her; but if she do not turn her face, my father will present the offer with prayer."



"Do they come away as soon as the foxes' basket is placed on the water?" I inquired, still uncertain whether or not to go.

"No," said my friend, "they put the small red *chochin* or lantern in the midst of basket, and they kneel upon the bank with prayer, while the river god carry, with swift hand, it down through the darkness."

It was an alluring picture, but after the mental excitement I had just passed through, I felt too weary to attempt so long a walk, so I said: "It must be very interesting, Horizoyé, but I am too tired to go."

Horizoyé seemed relieved.

"I will also not go," he said cheerfully. "It is now approach the next morning."

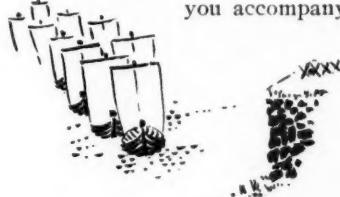
So together we watched the long procession pass under the gate, and my last vision was of a scarlet robe that burned like a glowing coal, as a lantern swung against it, and a gorgeous figure near, clad in the mystic sheen of old Japan.

The next morning I stood at my bamboo hedge waiting for Horizoyé. Here he came, falling over everything in the road, in vain attempt to cram a little algebra on his way to school.

"*Ohayo!*" (good morning) I called. "How is Miss Yako to-day?"

He looked up, beaming.

"She is entirely recover," he declared joyously. "She will dance this night in a tea-house. Will you accompany?"



THE MAD SENTINEL.

BY W. H. WOODS.

CHAPTER V.

THE LAST MARCH.



MOS did not know how long he waited after Carrington went out. But by and by he began to be aware of a light in the room, and he had, moreover, a dim idea that some one had been shaking him. A cadet stood watching him with mischievous eyes. "Think it would help you any if I poured water down your back?" asked Echols, for it was he.

"Scuse me, boss, 'scuse me," said Amos, rising. "Mr. Carrington done tol' me to stay yer tell he come back, and I speck I was noddin' a little in de cheer."

"Do you call that nodding?" said Echols, laughing. "I would as soon try to wake up a terrapin. But you go 'long, now, uncle. Mr. Carrington is not coming back."

"Is dey anyt'ing de matter wid 'im, boss?" Amos inquired.

"What makes you ask that?"

"Cause when he went out o' yer a while ago he look like he gwineter bust right straight into debblement."

"I reckon he's done it then," said Echols. "Anyhow, he's in the guard house."

"He ain' been fussin' wid nobody, is he, suh?"

"He has been having the biggest sort of a fight," was the reply.

"I don't know what's got into the fellow!" Echols continued, as if speaking to himself. "He has cut up more here in the last week than he did before in two years."

"Dar now!" said Amos. "I knowed it! I jis' knowed dat t'other feller gwineter git catch up wid!"

"What are you talking about?" asked Echols eagerly. "Do you know anything about this fight?"

"I speck I know whar it come from," and then for the second time that day Amos told his story.

Echols could hardly wait to hear Amos through before he hurried him off to the Commandant. He had already had a partial explanation with Phil, and they were on the old terms again.

"What dey done wid de yuther man?" asked Amos on the way.

"Who? Beers? Oh! They have put him to bed," was the reply, evidently made with much satisfaction.

When they reached the office the Commandant had company. An old friend was spending the evening with him, a gray-haired man with the eyes of a hawk and with an empty sleeve pinned across his breast. "Excuse me a moment, Major," said Colonel James. "Now, Mr. Echols, what is it? You see I am engaged."

But the Colonel forgot his engagement as he listened to the tale which Amos told. And Amos was embarrassed by and by to discover even the stranger's keen black eyes fixed intently on him. However, the visitor said nothing and the story went on to an end.

The Commandant said he would take the matter into consideration. "But I intend that there shall be no fighting here," said he, "and in this case, whatever his motive may have been, Mr. Carrington was plainly the aggressor."

As Amos was going out of the room the major halted him.

"What is yo' name, suh?" he demanded.

Amos told him.

"Well, suh, with the permission of my friend, hyer, I want to ahsk you a question." He then inquired closely as to the appearance of the old sentinel, and when Amos had satisfied him, gravely thanked the colored man for the information.

"I know that man," said the major, when the two officers were alone again.

"The old colored man?" asked Colonel James.

"No; the man he was talking about. He was the gyard at the Jackson statue the night befo' it was unveiled. The whole Stonewall Brigade wanted the place, but this old fellow 'won it on his reco'd. I heard ahfterward that he had lost his mind. Look hyer, James, is it true that you've got one of yo' boys locked up for taking this old man's paht?"

"He is in the guard house for fighting," said the Commandant. "What he was fighting about I could not find out until now."

But even with this new light, Colonel James could not hold Carrington guiltless, and he was not released from the penalty.

Nor did Beers wholly escape. He did not go to the guard house, it is true; but in the eyes of the cadets the drubbing he had got was more than an offset to Phil's imprisonment.

In addition, both lads were placed on parole for good behavior, and warned that further misconduct would probably lead to the expulsion of the culprit, and there the matter rested.

Life at the Institute now settled down once more into its usual channels. September's heat was cooled at last in the purple mists of October, and then almost before those busy youths were aware of it, the autumn's short-lived splendors had gone by and winter was in the land.

The mid-term examinations were now at hand, and the cadets had time and thought for little else.

Phil found that his chances for the first captaincy were not so desperate as he had thought. Hitherto, Beers had been the closer student, and Phil the better soldier. But Phil's friends always insisted that it was mere laziness that kept him from taking the lead in class-room as well as on parade, and he was determined that in these coming examinations they should not have that to say.

While the examinations were going on, Phil encountered Beers one after-

noon at mail time. There had been no intercourse between them, other than the barest formalities, since their quarrel in the autumn; but now it was plain that something had happened. Beers's face was as white as the letter he had been reading, and the letter itself wasshaking in his hand. Phil had it on the end of his tongue to ask what was the matter, and as he passed, he was certain that Beers had started forward a step or two, as if to accost him; but neither of them spoke.

That afternoon Beers was absent from parade. He was reported sick.

But it could hardly have been a bodily sickness that ailed him; for Carrington, waking out of sleep that night, found a tall figure in his room who to his instant challenge answered in the voice of Beers. A cadet's door is not often locked, and the visitor, after knocking without an answer, had walked in. "I beg your pardon," said he, "for coming in on you so; but I wanted to see you alone, and this was the only way I could manage it."

Phil's heart sank within him. Beers had come to settle the score between them, he had no doubt; and he saw with terrible clearness what this meant—the downfall of all his hopes, the end of his career in indelible disgrace. And it had all come through this fellow's malice! A fierce anger began to burn within the lad.

"Sit down there somewhere, please," he said, tossing the blankets aside, "until I can get some clothes on and make a light, and I'll be ready for you."

Beers stopped him. "I did not come here to fight," said he. "That will have to wait."

Phil sat up in bed staring.

"What did you come for then?" he asked.

In spite of all that came afterward, Carrington vividly remembered that strange midnight talk. A dim light came through the transom, and he could see that the boyish face before him was white and troubled.

"I have come," said Beers—the words seemed to stick in his throat

"I have come to see if you can tell me anything about that old man."

"What! The old man you and your friends arrested?"

"Yes."

"We have talked about him once, already," said Phil, slowly, "and I showed you then what I thought of your treatment of him. I haven't changed my mind, Beers."

"Do you suppose I have forgotten? I'd show you fast enough if we were not both on parole," said Beers, hotly. "All right, Phil Carrington," he continued bitterly, as he turned to leave the room, "I might have known that I was a fool to come to you for anything but a fight!"

"Hold on a minute, Beers," said Phil, beginning to be disarmed of his anger by Beers's evident trouble. "You have not told me what you want with this man. You don't mean to do him harm?"

"No; and I never meant him any harm, except to get him back where he belonged."

"Well, let that pass," said Phil. "What is it you want to know?"

Beers dropped into a chair. "His name," said he eagerly, "anything—everything you can tell me about him."

That was not much, but the lad listened intently, and then hurriedly murmuring his thanks went out, leaving Phil lost in wonder at this strange behavior.

The next day a deep snow lay on the ground, and the boys of the Institute were wild about sleighing, a sport not often possible in that latitude. Phil himself was country bred, and dearly liked a horse; but an examination was set for the next day, and he had resolved not to take advantage of the snow.

However, in the afternoon, while he and Echols were wrestling with the Calculus, the jingle of bells and a growing commotion outside drew Echols to the window.

"That boy's going to get his neck broken," said he directly, and Phil came to his side.

It was Tim Campbell who was mak-

ing the disturbance, and he was driving a wiry, vicious horse with which Phil himself had more than once striven for mastery.

Phil went out at once.

The boys were crowding about the sleigh, shouting and struggling for the vacant place at Tim's side, and in the confusion, the horse was fast becoming unmanageable.

Phil shouldered his way through the crowd. "Move over, Tim," said he, "I want to feel his mouth." He fairly pushed Campbell out of the driver's seat and took the reins himself. He was anxious to get hold of the horse before he did mischief, and he was almost equally anxious to tell the livery man what he thought of him for hiring that brute to a boy like Tim.

This last business, however, would wait. The thing in hand was to tame the sorrel. Accordingly, after a round or two about the Institute, and through the town, Phil turned the horse's head into the Staunton turnpike and made for the open country.

It was a merry ride. The sorrel soon found out that he was not to have things his own way, and came down to his gait, while Campbell's tongue kept pace with the flying feet.

Phil's enjoyment, though not so noisy, was equally great; but it did not last the ride out.

On their return they saw a man slowly making his way through the unbroken snow along a by-path in the outskirts of the town. They had not seen him as they went out, and now when Phil caught sight of him he pulled up and looked hard at the man; and for the rest of the drive, fell silent. It was the old sentinel.

When they got back to the livery stable, two men were talking to the keeper, Ben Hallet. "Here's a rig, now," said Hallet. Tim had already jumped out, and the men came forward to take possession of the sleigh. One of them made a motion to get in. "Wait a little, please," said Phil sitting still in his seat.

"Aint you goin' to git out, Mr. Carrington?" asked the liveryman.

"No," said Phil, "my ride's not done yet." He nodded to Tim, "See you later," and before any one could speak, had turned the horse and started back down the street.

There was a shout behind him and a sound of swift feet on the pavement. But Phil, looking straight before him, touched the horse with the whip.

It was Beers who cried out and followed him, as Phil learned afterward, and stranger still, Beers was bound on the same quest. Phil knew nothing of this now, but if he had known, it would have made no difference. This was no time for explanations. What he had to do must be done quickly, and again he chirrupped to his horse.

For the mad old man whom he had seen and whom he went to seek had nearly finished his last march. Late on the day before, there had been an alarm of fire in the asylum, and in the confusion the old man had again escaped.

The authorities, remembering their experience in the fall before, had sent to Lexington to look for him, and wisely, it appeared, for to Lexington he had come.

The distance was thirty miles. He had started the evening before, hiding away in some farmer's barn during the night; but all this last day he had trudged forward through the snow.

One thought only ran through the troubled brain—Jackson, Stonewall Jackson was encamped at Lexington! Men had told him that his old leader was dead, and he had for a while believed it. He knew better now. Only in the last summer he had seen Jackson with a great army of his men. He had stood on guard outside the tent, as he was used to do, while the General was within praying, perhaps, as he had heard him pray at Kernstown, Front Royal, Port Republic. Since then he had himself been captured and in prison. But now he was free, and being free, must needs come back to his old post and keep once more his watch before his General's tent.

But would he make it? The night was coming on with bitter cold. The

march had been a hard one, even for one of the old "foot cavalry," and this man was carrying sixty years upon him. But for that mad fancy in him he would have dropped down in the snow long ago. He was afraid he should do so yet before the march was done.

But now, at last, he came to the camp, the wall, the gates, he recollected well. His numb fingers tried the gates. They were locked. He must climb the wall.

He tried it once—and again—and failed. Well, he would wait a little. Some soldier would be passing soon, and would let him in.

Meanwhile he threw his arms across the wall and leaned his head on them to rest. To rest, and soon to dream—to dream himself a barefoot boy again, bringing the cattle home through grassy lanes at evening time, while all the air was full of tinkling bells. The bells grew louder, nearer, and then stopped, and what is this? Some one is lifting him up, and speaking to him. "Look up! Am I too late? Do you hear me?"

Yes, he hears you, Phil, at last. Lift him in gently, boy, gently, and then drive—drive for his life! Had you been five minutes later you would have found him—gone into camp with Jackson.

Late on the next day a Sergeant and two cadets knocked at the door of a room in one of the Lexington hotels, and Phil Carrington came out to them. He closed the door behind him and led them along the hall. "Well, Sergeant, what is it?" said he.

"I am ordered to arrest you and bring you to headquarters," said the Sergeant.

This looked serious. "I sent a note to the Commandant by Dr. Gray last night that ought to have prevented this," said Phil.

The cadets exchanged glances. One of them spoke up, "Dr. Gray was picked up unconscious in the street last night. His horse ran away with him."

Phil changed color at this news.

"Mr. Carrington, I have nothing to do with all this," said the Sergeant. "I was sent here to fetch you."

"And I'm not going. Look here, fellows!" Phil continued earnestly, "one of 'Old Jack's' men is dying in here. He's alone, and I'm the only friend he has in the world."

The Sergeant shifted his sword belt uneasily. "I'm sorry to hear that," said he, "for I was to tell you that if you refused to come you were to be treated as a desert—"

"Don't say that!" said Phil, suddenly grasping the Sergeant's arm. "Don't say it!"

He turned away, and walked up and down the hall. Soon he came back.

"I am not going," he said.

The Sergeant's orders did not contemplate a disturbance in that public place, and as there was nothing more to be said, he touched his cap respectfully and tramped away.

But in a moment Phil heard him hurrying back, as he supposed, till lifting his eyes wearily he looked in the face of Beers—Beers, dry-lipped and glassy-eyed as one who had been long ill.

"Is it you?" said Phil. "You who have spoiled my life for me? You would better leave me alone now, Beers."

Beers pointed toward the door. "I have found him at last," said he hoarsely. "Let me in!"

Phil shook his head. "He is dying in there," he said, "and you shall never trouble him again."

"But I will go in," said the other fiercely. "What right have you to interfere?"

"I am his only friend," was the reply, "and I——"

Phil stopped, amazed. The face before him worked convulsively. The dry lips moved, but made no sound, until at last there broke from them the cry: "I am his son!"

CHAPTER VI.

"TAPS!"

The sound of the pen ceased in the quiet room, and the clerk of the court-martial lifted his head and read:

"Whereas, Philip Carrington, First Lieutenant, Company D, Cadet Corps, Virginia Military Institute, while on parole for good behavior has been absent without leave during examinations, has resisted arrest and refused to return, and now, after two days, continues absent without explanation or excuse, it is the judgment of the court that the said Carrington be expelled from the Institute for desertion."

This decision had been reached with great reluctance. It had been agreed upon only in obedience to the requirements of military discipline, and even then largely because there had been absolutely no defense. Carrington was known to be within reach, and he had been duly warned of what was coming; and still he had made no communication to the court.

However, as the court was about to adjourn, Colonel James was called out of the room. When he came back, he said, "Gentlemen, the orderly tells me that Mr. Carrington is here now, and is anxious to appear before you. Shall we admit him?"

"Too late!" said Major Scott. "The thing's done."

"The sentence has not been published yet," said the professor of chemistry, "and surely we ought to give this young man every chance!"

It was decided to admit him, and the young officer came in muffled in a cloak and with his cap pulled low on his forehead. He uncovered amid exclamations of surprise. It was not Carrington, but Beers who stood before them.

"Here, orderly!" said Colonel James sharply, "show Mr. Beers out of the room! We are in no mood for trifling now, Mr. Beers."

The orderly stood staring at Beers in confusion. "I—I thought it was Mr. Carrington," he stammered.

"I can't help that," said Beers. "I did not tell you so. I am not trifling, Colonel James," he continued earnestly. "I came here to do what I could for Phil Carrington."

"Did Carrington send you?" asked the Commandant.

"No, sir. He was coming himself this morning. It's the first chance he's had. But I slipped off and left him. May I speak, sir?"

"I fear you have come too late," said Colonel James. "But proceed, sir."

Beers's manner was hurried and sometimes confused, for the story was hard to tell, and he was eager to be gone. He left nothing out. It was his own confession as well as his rival's vindication. But more than his, or even Carrington's, it was the story of that other soldier so tangled with their own and now in its completeness told for the first time. He ended by handing the commandant the note which Phil had sent by Dr. Gray.

The members of the court had listened attentively. Now, they began to ask questions. "Why did Carrington refuse to tell anything of this last fall?" asked the Commandant.

Beers blushed. "I think it was because I was his competitor for first honor," said he, "and Carrington was afraid it would look like telling tales at my expense."

"But I do not understand," said another, "why Carrington should risk so much for the sake of a mere sentiment. This old man's story is very pathetic; but why should it appeal especially to Carrington?"

Beers explained that Phil was the only one, beside himself, who knew the old soldier's situation. As to Carrington's motive, he did not pretend to know. Perhaps it was sentiment. But one thing he did know—if it had not been for Carrington, this last time the old man would have died in the road.

"There is one other question, Mr. Beers," Colonel James continued. "You and this young man have been on notoriously bad terms with each other. Why do you come here now in his behalf?"

Beers winced, for the question touched the quick. "Because," he replied in low and hurried tones, "because I have been in the wrong, and I have found out now that this old man is my father."

"Is it possible!" said Colonel James. "And you say you left him very low? You may get back to him, then, my lad, as soon as you please. I'll follow you directly."

The court must have adjourned at once, for in spite of the lad's anxious haste the Colonel in his buggy overtook him before he had gone half way to town. Beers got into the buggy, and on the way explained the strange news he had just told.

He was an only child, he said, and until his late discovery had thought himself the only survivor of his family. His mother had died in his infancy. His father, David Burrows, was a civil engineer, and had his home in Winchester, but in the practice of his profession was much absent, and often left his little boy in the care of friends for weeks together. Mr. Burrows still suffered at times from the effects of a wound in the head, received during the war, and in the summer of 1878, overwork and the fretting of the wound brought on a serious illness. He was then in Memphis, Tennessee. Before he had recovered, came the memorable outbreak of yellow fever, and, worn out as he was with long sickness, he fell an easy victim to the plague.

Such, at any rate, was the scanty news which went back to his Virginia home. It was not wholly true. Mr. Burrows had not died of the fever, but he had lost his mind, and in the terrible confusion which accompanied the ravages of the plague, he disappeared and was reported dead.

Searching inquiry on the part of friends seemed to confirm the report. Accordingly, his affairs were settled and his little boy, now left entirely desolate was taken and finally adopted by distant relatives in the West.

But now it appeared that in the last summer an old man had come to Winchester making inquiries for the Burrows child. The stranger, in spite of a great reticence as to himself, was finally discovered to be David Burrows. What had become of him in all these years he did not tell; but he was much depressed at hearing that his son had been long gone from Winchester.

His friends, knowing that he had been a famous soldier, and thinking to divert him, took him to Lexington to the unveiling of the Jackson statue. Here the meeting with old comrades, the honor they did him in making him sentinel at the statue, and the quickening memories of the man whom he had once followed with such passionate devotion, proved too much for the unstable brain. It soon became necessary to send him to the asylum in Staunton, whence, as has been described, he had twice escaped to come back to his post at the monument.

Efforts were being made in the meantime to trace up young Burrows, of whom nothing had been known for years. He was found at last in the young officer of the Institute who went by the name of Beers; and it was this distracting news which sent Beers to Carrington for the midnight interview.

These were the facts as they were afterward known. Beers gave them to the Commandant in outline only, for the drive was short.

When they reached the sick room, Phil and the doctor were leaning over the bed, and the doctor in reply to a quick glance from Colonel James, nodded significantly.

As they stood watching the sick man, his restless movements ceased, and he turned his head as if listening. A noise, a cheering, arose in the street outside. A party of cadets was parading through the town in sleighs. Suddenly the old man sat upright in his bed. "Get ready to yell, boys!" he whispered to the soldierly group around him, "Old Jack's coming!"

The two boys sprang to his side. The Commandant stood upright with a flush in his dark cheek. He had heard that cry before. The shouting drew nearer, mingled now with rapid hoofbeats. It passed the window; and the mad sentinel, with smiling eyes turned toward the sound, lifted his hand in salute and sat thus until the procession passed; sat thus until the Commandant gently put the boys aside and laid the still figure back upon the bed.

That afternoon Tim Campbell was at the station when the Valley train came in. Among the passengers who got off was a stately gray-haired woman whose clear blue eyes seemed so familiar that Tim had his cap off the instant they glanced his way. "Ah!" said the lady, pleasantly, "I see you are from the Institute. Will you please tell me how I may get out there?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," said Tim, "the bus here will take you right out. But, ma'am," he added timidly, "Lieutenant Carrington is not there now."

"What?" she said smiling at him. "Have you found me out already? You must know this cadet Philip, then, whose mother looks so like him. And can you tell me where he is?"

"I'll take you to him, ma'am, if you'll let me," said the boy eagerly. "I am Tim Campbell, and Lieutenant Carrington is my best friend."

"Then we are not very great strangers, are we, Tim?" said she, and Tim, looking into her face, felt as if he had known her always.

Thus it was that Carrington's door presently opened upon him and his mother's arms were about him, his mother's voice was in his ears.

"But what is this, my son," said she after a little while, "about your nursing some sick man here? And why are you not at the Institute?"

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "didn't you get my telegram?"

"Telegram? not a word. I came up to spend the holidays with you, as a little surprise."

But to her was the surprise when Phil told her of the events of the last few days and then took her to look into the face of the sleeper who had but that day "ceased from his wanderings."

Mrs. Carrington was thankful that she had come, for her son needed her sorely. He was not like himself. This was, no doubt, partly the result of physical exhaustion. Phil was worn out. But the real trouble was his impending disgrace. He did not know what Beers had done, and he expected to be expelled. His offense, indeed, was more technical than real; but he was

soldier enough to know that military discipline allows no exception and takes no excuse. It was well for him now when his ambition seemed to have perished with his prospects that the best and wisest of earthly friends was with him.

The story of the old sentinel awakened a deep interest in the community. All the next day the people of the town, the university students, and, most of all, the boys from the Institute, were thronging in to see him where he lay.

"I wish they would bury him here instead of taking him to Winchester," said Tim Campbell to Echols as they stood by the bier. "They ought to put him out here on the hill, and let Old Jack stand picket over him the rest of the time."

Echols turned to him quickly. "Good for you, boy!" said he. "Good for you! Look here, Tim," he continued impulsively, "you know Mrs. Carrington, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And she's sort o' managing this thing. Come along, let's go see her."

They had the interview they desired with Mrs. Carrington, and with Beers as well. Then they hurried off to the Institute.

Soon afterward a notice appeared on the bulletin-board, announcing that a mass meeting of cadets would be held in the chapel that afternoon, "to consider business of great interest." All sorts of rumors arose as to what this business was. A meeting of Company D was hastily called and was held behind closed doors. Public interest grew, and when the time came the chapel was filled to the doors.

Echols, followed by Tim Campbell, went up to the platform and stood there, very red but very determined, until he could be heard. Then he said: "Fellows, Campbell, here, has got something to say to you, if you'll give him a chance."

They gave him a chance, for Tim was a general favorite, and he made his little speech.

It was his wish, put now in the form of a proposition, that they bury the

old sentinel with military honors in the cemetery there in Lexington.

At once somebody got up and said that the holidays would begin next day, and all military exercises at the Institute would be suspended.

"I know it," said Echols, jumping to his feet again, "and this meeting was called to ask for volunteers. I want to say, right here, that Company D offers for this service sixty-two men—every man on its roll."

All noise had long since ceased. But at this announcement the hall rang with applause. A dozen cadets were on their feet at once. The captain of Company A finally got the floor. "I was going to offer my men, too," said he, "but I see that the other companies are anxious to be heard from also, and I'll change my offer. I propose that the entire cadet corps parade at this funeral."

The proposition was tumultuously approved, and a committee at once appointed to secure the necessary permission.

Unusual as was the thing requested, permission was readily granted. Nor was this all. The Institute authorities took the entire direction of the funeral. The body was brought to the Institute, and there in the chapel the old private lay in state among his flowers like a dead general, while two tall youngsters in uniform paced up and down beside his bier.

But now came news that chilled the enthusiasm of the cadets in these preparations. It was reported that Phil Carrington was to be expelled. At once an excited discussion arose. No one denied that Phil was technically liable to the charges brought against him; but that he ought to be punished under the circumstances was indignantly disputed.

But by and by, this report was denied, and it was said instead that Carrington was to be appointed instructor in mathematics in the place of Captain Blackford, who had just resigned. This was contradicted in turn; and there was nothing to do but to await the sentence of the Court on the day of the funeral.

That was Christmas day, and it dawned severe and clear. The simple service in the chapel was soon done, and the battalion of cadets drew up outside the chapel door. The hearse and the carriages were in position, and the long procession only waited the command to march, when the adjutant was seen ascending the chapel steps. He held in his hand a paper which contained the expected sentence of the court, and silence fell upon the throng. The adjutant read :

"HEADQUARTERS, VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

"GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 47.

"The court-martial called in the case of Philip Carrington, heretofore First Lieutenant Company D, Cadet Corps, charged with desertion, finds the said Carrington not guilty, and orders this verdict to be read on parade, December 25th.

"B. L. JAMES, Comandant."

A doubtful murmur arose, and the older cadets looked one another in the face. Carrington was not expelled; but, "heretofore?" What did "heretofore" mean? Had Carrington been degraded from his rank?

The murmur was fast growing into a tumult, for Phil Carrington was the

best liked man in the Institute. But now, to the general surprise, the adjutant began again to read :

"GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 48.

"The Cadet Corps, V. M. I., escort of honor to the body of David Burrows, sometime private soldier in the Stonewall Brigade, will move from the chapel door at eleven o'clock, a. m., under command of Philip Carrington, this day appointed instructor in mathematics, with the rank of captain."

As the last words were spoken a group of soldiers advanced through the doorway with Phil Carrington in front. The others halted. Phil alone came down the steps, unsheathing his sword, while all around him burst forth an irrepressible shout. Captain's epaulets shone on his shoulders. Captain's plumes swept low on his flushed forehead.

And now he reached the head of the column. He halted—he wheeled—

"Attention! By the left flank!—Forward—March!"

The drums struck up. The long procession moved. And down the road, to the sound of solemn music and the tread of marching feet, the mad sentinel went on to his last camp.

THE STREETS OF THE VIEUX CARRE.

BY LYDIE O. HARRIS.



HE streets of New Orleans are rich in historic names, and more than once have been trod by men of royal blood. The names of the streets

of New Orleans are not only more beautiful than those of any other American city, but they also preserve the romance of the town's earliest days. They recall the history of the French and Spanish dominations. Indeed, much of the *vieux carré* presents to-day a graphic picture of that olden time. The very houses seem to speak with a foreign accent, and traces of many nationalities reveal

themselves in the polyglot signs. There are the straight, narrow streets, the low, tiled houses, the quaint oratories, belvedered and dormer windows, the rambling markets, the *wils de bœuf* and the inner courtyards, all speaking the motley dialects of the past.

In the names of these streets hear the roll call of the House of Bourbon—Chartres, Maine, Condé, Toulouse, Conti, Bourbon, Orléans, Dauphine—while in Bienville is perpetuated the memory of the founder of the city.

As for the saints, all in the calendar have their names linked with the streets of New Orleans. How great must have been the piety of the founders of the old town, who have too long

been held as only thirsting for conquest, adventure and gold. Nuns, Convent and Religious streets bear further testimony to the reverence of these grand gentlemen of France, not a few of whom had graced the Court of Versailles. Here, too, is Rue des Ursulines, named in honor of those seven nuns who came over from France on that mission of mercy which has become hallowed and historic. When they arrived in New Orleans the history of Louisiana was only in the bud. Bienville had just promulgated the "Black Code," all the Jews had been expelled from the colony, the Jesuits had received a grant above Canal street, and had begun their career of wealth and power; no other than the Roman Catholic religion was tolerated; the *carran*, or iron ring, was the punishment meted out for breaking open a letter; a man could be broken on the wheel or decapitated for maiming a horse or a cow.

Let not the women of America, who are now receiving the "higher education," forget to honor the self-abnegation and the heroic work of these seven gentlewomen, who in a corner of a savage new world, opened the first school in America for young women. Their ancient nunnery is now a ruin, but another and a fairer rises a little way below the town. Close to where the great brown river sends forth its thick-throated murmur it stands, set in great lawns, encompassed about by orange trees.

To these nuns were entrusted the care of the famous *filles à la cassette*, whom a sympathetic and fatherly king so thoughtfully sent to his loyal soldiers who would a-wiving go. Luckily for the king, a trunk in those days was but a *rez-de-chaussé* affair—not a ten-storyed edifice like the end of the Century Saratoga.

La rue des Quartiers and Barracks street, recall the days when so many sparkling Frenchmen loitered and lingered in New Orleans. One seems to hear the call of the distant trumpets which once vivified these thoroughfares. The gallantry of the old French Creoles is shown in the pretty names

with which they christened a number of streets—Suzette, Lizette, Annette, Félicie, and many more.

The old town also honored itself by giving other streets the names of its illustrious governors and magistrates, its daring and enterprising planters who so marvelously added to the wealth of the State. But who not of Latin blood would ever have thought of naming a street Rue des Bons Enfants? Did it originate in sarcasm, or were there really in that golden time enough good children to fill a whole street? Or, were they after all hardly more numerous than in this day of *enfants gâtés*? For alack and alas! one block only in extent is that street of good children.

Think of Rue de l'Amour? Was it sacred to lovers? or in this down-dropped bit of Paradise were all the neighbors on speaking terms with each other? Why Madman street? Was this a sort of lunatic Ghetto? Mystery or Piety were a happier choice as abiding place.

Old Bernard de Marigny was one of the most picturesque and interesting of that group of brilliant men who dominated men and matters in old New Orleans. He had immense wealth, and when he laid out his Faubourg Marigny he called two of its streets Craps and Bagatelle. This was in honor of the two games of chance over which he lost a fortune. *Vive la Bagatelle!* in good sooth. As an example of ignoble decadence, it is noteworthy that the game of craps, in which princes and nobles once threw dice, has now sunk to the gutter level. Only the negro deck hands and the *habitues* of low groggeries play craps now.

In the golden sunshine of an October day stroll down Chartres and Royal streets. The various life of the many-tongued, multi-colored people is an endless fascination. Look at their beauty and grace of person and manner, and if you are an American of the Americans confess that you feel that your deportment is by contrast crude—that you have not *le bel air*. Here are the most curious little shops imaginable, wherein all manner of handicraft goes on. Yesterday, was n't it? You

wrote a dismal plaint upon the decay of hand work? To-day you rub your eyes in amaze, for here are the flower and lace makers, the embroiderers, and menders, and darners, the makers of masques and *figurines* and all saints' wreaths and flowers, dyers, scourers, and bleachers, all honorably assembled in these ancient streets. In these narrow ways dwell men and women who repair everything under the sun, and hard by are the priests who patch up souls much the worse for wear.

The second-hand furniture stores are seen in almost every block, and pathetic reminders are they of the poverty which has blighted so many a household in this French quarter. The proprietors of these shops look like dusty second-hand shadows among their heterogeneous collections; even the children who play "hide and seek" in and out of the lares and penates of broken-up households have a second-hand look. Some beautiful antiques are to be found in these shops, for the houses of the opulent Creoles were full of rare and costly furnishings. The proprietors of the shops in the *vieux carré* are smiling, courteous and anxious that you should see their wares, yet, you are not solicited to buy. Though you tarry long and ask many questions, and, after all, buy nothing, you will be treated throughout with a gentle courtesy which warms the cockles of your heart.

Strolling further down one comes upon knots of half baked *negrillons* tumbling about the banquettes. Here and there one meets a quadroon whose amber skin and big black, melting eyes call to mind those other yellow sirens, who in the bygone days led old and young astray. At the corner of Bourbon and Orleans streets stands what was once the old Orleans Theatre. In the dancing hall attached to it used to be given the famous quadroon balls. Over its beautiful marble floors have twinkled rapturously the feet of those fatally beautiful *fleurs du mal*. Stop now at the doorway of this old building and ring the bell. Who comes in answer to its summons? The door swings noiselessly open, and there before you

stands a Sister of Charity. She is black, and the old Orleans Theatre is now the Convent of Notre Dame de Bon Secours. The sisterhood it shelters are all the descendants of "free persons of color."

Orleans street is an affair of but a few blocks, starting at the Old Basin, wherein lies a cloud of lumber and charcoal schooners, and terminating in a *cul de sac* of bright blossomy green. This is Pére Antoine's garden, just in the rear of the St. Louis Cathedral. Sweet it is with mespilus, acacia and the olive of Cathay. Running along one side of the Cathedral and going hand in hand with the garden is Pére Antoine's alley. No man in the early days of New Orleans was more beloved than Pére Antoine de Sedella, who for fifty years married, baptized, confessed, shrieved and buried the people. On each side of the Cathedral stands a quaint arched building of Spanish architecture, with dormer windows pricking up from its roof like bats' ears. Once the place of assembly of the illustrious *cabildo*, or the municipal council, these are now quite the most picturesque buildings in New Orleans. Opposite them lies the old Place d' Armes, now Jackson Square, a quiet, beautiful spot filled with semi-tropical plants and quaintly clipped shrubs. Where now stands the equestrian statue of Jackson, once rose the public gallows, on which pirates and condemned criminals were executed. Below the Square lies the French Market, whose salient features are known to all the world.

Royal and Chartres streets are picturesque by reason of the irregularity and eccentricity of the roof line of the houses which line their either side, and the soft, faded tints of their walls. In many of these houses the Spanish influence is plainly seen—in walls thick as those of mediaeval abbeys, in the iron lattices, the great locks and huge hinges, the arches and gratings, balconies and jalousies, statues half hid in roses and vines, and courtyards where one may hear the music of trickling water. Look down the vista of the tunnel-like corridor, through which so

many of these houses "give" on the street, and you catch a glimpse of a delicious garden, full of the flowers, the leafage and the perfume of the South. There is a haunting charm of mystery about these secluded gardens.

It is as though one had peeped for a moment into an old man's heart, and found it young. The windows are round, and pointed, and rose, and fan-shaped, sometimes mere barred and grilled slits in the wall, while many of the cornices beneath the eaves are elaborately carved. With ears to hear, you will catch as you saunter up and down these narrow streets, amid the gibble gabble of the street, many a sonorous word honorably descended from the Spanish. Calaboose and picayune are familiar examples. The balconies and verandas of these houses, on which so much of the family life goes on, are embowered with blossoms and vines. Caged birds make vocal the yellow sunlight, and often one may catch a glimpse of graceful dark women, see the gleam of ivory-tinted arms through flowers and vines, or hear some girl running over the airs from last night's opera—for all Creoles have a passionate love for the opera. Mademoiselle Jean the dairy maid, and Monsieur Joseph the baker, no less than *Mesdames* and *Messieurs* of high degree in the city, discuss enthusiastically the quality of voice of the *bass chantante*, *le ténor*, and *la chanteuse légère*.

In these streets abound the hand organs, and the sound of their grinding is not low. As they fling out their sweet and merry tunes, children with flying feet come running from here, there and everywhere, as though the Pied Piper had come to Orleans town. Then all the children fall a-dancing on the banquette, and to see them one would think the tarantula had bitten them. These children have a pretty game—"choosing ladies," they call it. In groups on the banquette, or perhaps sitting in the shadow of some wide and ancient doorway, they scan

eagerly each passing lady, and when a pretty one passes she may hear a stage whisper:

"I choose her! She's for me!"

"Now, now, Marie, me. I see her first, *n'est-ce-pas*, Titine."

Here pass Ethiopian "mamas," wonderfully be-turbaned, and African "uncles" moving leisurely as though they knew that "time was made for slaves." Now a *rabais*, or peddling merchant, who is always either a Catalan or Provencal, goes by, his wares spread out on a coffin-shaped vehicle, which he wheels before him. The "any ol' bot" man, pushing his two-wheeled cart ahead of him, offers, like that wicked magician of old, to exchange, not lamps exactly, but new toys for old bottles. The seductions of his shining trumpery conquer all the children, who joyfully give him in exchange for it the household accumulation of old bottles. The clothes-pole man cries his wares in vibrant, piercing notes, which are bloodcurdling to one who hears them for the first time. This before-the-war African is very dear to the washerwomen, and he is also the "bogey" summoned by down-town nurses to frighten naughty children who won't "*va do do*" or "*go sleepy*" in English baby talk.

Backwards and forwards, in and out, here, there and everywhere, one sees black-robed priests. Sisters of Charity of various orders, and their pink-bonneted orphan charges are also familiar figures on the streets. They may be said to have the freedom of the city. In the month of May one will meet many a sweet young girl clad in vapory white muslin, garlanded with white roses, and mistily veiled, candle and prayer book in hand, on her way to church to make her first communion. Fond parents and friends accompany her, and only on her marriage morn will she ever again be a person of so much consequence. She passes on, a gracious vision of dewy freshness and radiant youth.

ALTERNATIVES.

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.

I.

"Unwisely weaves who takes two webs in hand."

IF Forch Poindexter had not had a fatally facile gift for scribbling he would have been a great painter. If he had not possessed a decided talent for clever free-hand work of sorts he would have been a great writer. If fate had not given him the merciless conscience of the true artist, he would have succeeded in getting his picture hung and his book accepted, and would probably have come to die under conviction of immortality—on earth. As it was—

He wrote and modeled and sketched, and rhymed and danced and adored through ten years of youth; but one day when he was twenty-six he called a halt and obeyed the word. He read his poems critically and flung them in the fire. His love letters followed. He surveyed his clay figures from an artistic standpoint and threw them out of his back windows. Then he lit a cigar and smoked it in a leisurely manner over a portfolio or so of sketches and a desk of manuscript. These were clever, characteristic, strong, true. The ardent pulse of creative power throbbed in him, coming across the forgotten revelation of word and tint. His hand shook as he quietly locked them away again. From that hour the clubs knew him no more, and the *dilettante* dabblers in inks and oils inquired curiously: "What the devil's become of Poindexter?"

When Forch requested an interview with Forch senior, the latter acquiesced resignedly, and, leaning against the smoking-room mantel an hour later, cast an inquiring glance into the hazel eyes opposite.

"I am going to work," observed the owner of the eyes; "I have dis-

covered that I can write a good story and paint a good picture."

"Since when?" suggested the elder man.

"Since yesterday. I was not sure before."

"And in consequence?" said Forch senior, drawing on his gloves and looking around for his hat.

"In consequence," returned Forch, finding the hat and giving it to him, "I am banished from New York. I am going into the country somewhere, and, as I said before, I am going to work. I want to find out just what I can do. I can't do that here."

"There are enough second-rate artists and authors in New York," said the other, snapping his watch shut. "Can you do better? If not—" he paused uncertainly. He was not illiberal in his views, was possessed, indeed, of a wide-glancing comprehension of a great truth, whether expressed in picture, poem, or life. But he did not altogether believe that futurity would owe to him an Angelo or a Balzac, and there was nothing that he desired so much as for this son to take an interest in the great business built up during his half century of eager toil-filled years, to share in his care, to be with him as no paid employee could be. The longing found its way to his eyes and voice. Something of it made appeal to the unconscious cruelty of youth and evoked a response electric in its flash and quickness.

"Father!" Other words died in Forch's throat. His face paled. He looked beseechingly across to the older face wherein some new hope quivered as if it were a pang.

"It's no use," he said at last, doggedly. "I can't give it up. Some day you will know. Some day you will be proud—"

"Some day I will be—dead," concluded Forch senior, with bitterness not wholly veiled.

He repented of the speech as soon as it was uttered, and, coming a step nearer, put his arm across his son's shoulder in silent, masculine apology. Forch mutely yielded himself to the half caress. His lips trembled a little, and his eyelids dropped to hide the irrepressible tears brought by the keen sting of the words. It seemed as if he had never seen surely before, had never known. The claim of his father's life and the claim of his own life were defined, made clear; but the two crossed and tangled in endless conflict. The arm held closer, and he looked up.

"You are my dear boy," said Forch senior, "that is enough. Your life is yours—to be lived as largely and as beautifully as I could want. Only don't live it quite apart from mine."

A closing door, and Forch stood alone looking into the flame core. The touch of love had magically straightened the tangled threads of life, and the end seemed plain.

Toward the last of December a conversational fragment like to this was heard in Forch's birthplace:

"Poindexter? Oh, he has gone in for heavy work, in the winter, in Virginia, up in the Blue Ridge."

"Why doesn't he leave that to the poor devils that have to?"

"Have to what—work? or stay in Virginia?"

"Both," said the other with languor, faintly accentuated by the conviction that the earth had been created for his ancestors to locate New York upon.

"Yet they say he has genius," resumed the first speaker. "He was always awfully clever about everything. Remember that fresco he put round his room, and that ballad in 'Life?' Yes, he's going in in earnest."

"But it isn't worth his while," said the man with the ancestors. It really is not. I've tried it."

There were many conversations holden in this worldly wise; but Forch was serenely unconscious. He had

settled down in a solitary, beautiful end of country, which lay morning and evening gulfed in tremendous mountain shadows that scarcely dwindled with the suns of noon. Everything was quite to his liking, from the two-a-week mail to the tall, white-panelled parlor with its dim gray carpets and gilt-framed mirrors. This apartment, with the small, oddly-shaped room opening out of it, had meant home to him for the last two months. The larger room was evocative of the past, and suited his mood which was austere and undesirous of luxury. A rug or so, his own desk and favorite chair, his easel and canvases, and the many tall, narrow windows stripped bare of curtaining and rubbed to crystal, sufficed. On cool days a fire on the brass dogs made comfort. For the warmer the alcoved side door swung open showing sheer descent of four feet to a garden once the pride of the county for roses, of which were yet many to flower wildly, forgetting the ordered grace of a statelier past. Here the sunshine came in with a life-giving warmth and light, twin with the cool sweetness of the air, and was mastered by the mountain shadow that swooped through the three western windows.

Forch had desired to cut clear, for a space, of all the old life except himself. He brought no books with him. He wished no fresh bias toward or from any other man's life work. He endeavored to forget old inclinations and adorations. He sought to discover self—to become assured of his individuality. He threw himself heart and soul, into his work.

Still there were hours when reaction drove him to the household library for mental relaxation, which library, on first sight, appeared to consist of the Bible, the Prayer Book, and "The Redd Family"—this last being a genealogical record wherein he discovered the name of his hostess, "Mrs. Thomas R. Redd, *relict*," and the rest of it. Mrs. Redd was proud of her husband's family, and kept it between the Bible and the Prayer Book. The Bible came first, but she was Virginian as well as Episcopalian, and the Prayer Book

took third place. Forch pursued inquiries, and made free use of a book case found in the limited upper hall. Mrs. Redd used to send him the "Observer" on Sundays. He found the children's page entertaining—like Mrs. Redd, who one day paused at the head of the steps while Forch was meditating over the relative possibilities of amusement contained in "Clarissa" and "The Sentimental Journey."

"I fear you will not find much to entertain you. We did not approve of novels for the children." She adjusted her cap on her soft, brown hair with a dim sense that this young man from the outside world did not read the "Observer" as it should be read, also that he required a different, not to say a more stimulating, mental pabulum than suited herself. "We did have a Mr. Eliot's books once," she continued thoughtfully, "but we concluded after glancing through them that we had best burn them on account of their objectionable tendencies." She blushed faintly, remembering, perchance, the drifting of *Mirah*, else the incredible idiocy of the small *Tessa*. "We did not want the children to read anything that was not quite safe."

Forch looked abstractedly at "Clarissa" and murmured assent, as she went gently down the steps in answer to some summons from below. He continued turning over the antique volumes with a faint increase of interest, unexpurgated editions of Shakespeare and the earlier English dramatists, of "Tom Jones," "The Confessions," "Histrionastix," the "Sylve," the "Utopia." Ah, the audacious, unequalled Greek of the names! Yes, the "Utopia" would serve best this evening of rain and re-action. He closed the case doors and descended to his room with the book.

But once down on the rug before the leaping wood fire, *Utopia* lay unentered at his left hand, forgotten even in the wider vista unveiled by some chance memory: "And I said, 'Before I am done with life I will show the whole world my will and my power!'"

Why did that sentence ring in on his silence with sudden dominance, with tumultuous insistence? Fool, how

he had frittered away half of youth! "But it is not too late," he said. It was as if all divergent desires of flesh and spirit had suddenly become one, concentrated and supreme. Names, words, events, thronged upon his solitude with the clash and clangor of bells—with the scenic color and force of mediæval pageants. Men who had possessed the intellectual kinship of an epoch passed before him. And what other empire was worth having? What other could be retained so long?

Vaucluse, Ferny, Coppet, Concord—oh, the names, the meaning of the names, regnant and endless! To have the word you utter caught up and not let die, clashed from ear to ear across the ages, cried in the cities, over the seas, along the desert places of the earth, your word! What matter the import so it contains the electric flash, the undying vitality?

Some need of action stirred Forch to rise. As he did so he caught sight of his face in the central crystal of the long, mantel mirror. It was tense, illumined with mental excitement, and half invoked the presence of his brute senses.

"You!" he cried to it, in perverse protestation. "You!" And it was as if the self in the mirror had said, "Why not?"

He turned his back on it, and stood watching the gray obliqueness of the rain, as beaten, blown and twisted through the mountain ravines, it broke with the clatter of hailstones on the bare panes. Occasionally the black pine limbs leaned to the glass out of the pale, whirling mist, inviting him nearer. He crossed the room, and, raising the heavy casement, sat half leaning out against the storm, looking up to discover the mountain line. But it was lost, and the sheer height against which the house was built might have been melted into waters, save for the tortured opposition of tree life made evident when some great storm swell washed away the veiling rain vapors. The gusts drove past, drenching him and whirling all loose papers and artistic properties into inextricable confusion. The flames

quivered and curled to meet the opposing element, and the door swung to with a crash. Forch, roused by the inward clatter, came back to the commonplace with a sense of irritation. After being, if but for a moment, the central pulse of the storm, it was distinctly unpleasant to have to descend to the details of putting wet books under press and getting on dry things. Clearly pneumonia was not the most fitting prelude to a Vauclusean career. What a pity it is that brains, if one has any, and souls, if there be any, have to be burdened with bodies! Forch sighed and returned to the fire.

II.

"This or that, not this and that, is the law to which we must all submit."

There are some truths that we are born heirs to, as we are born heirs to the air and the sunshine, and which are questioned by none. But there are others, such as the one heading this paragraph, that are forced upon us in after life, and which, although struggled against and persistently denied, are yet in the end succumbed to, as we succumb to the pain that is the unknown condition of breath, and to the night that is the inevitable alternative of the sunshine.

Forch who had been saying "this and that," was of a sudden brought face to face with "this or that." Noticing a picture swinging loose from its easel, he arose to put it right. As he stood in the swiftly darkening twilight holding the canvas, his last, the truth came. It cannot be both. And he realized that his mad dreaming had held no vision of Corot or Veronese. Did not that prove which? Yet now that the possibility of never again touching brush to canvas occurred to him, the power held his to renounce seemed inexpressibly dear and an essential element of life itself. It cannot be both. He let the canvas drop and turned back to the dying fire, lying motionless, flung back on the gray fur, his head on his bent arm, his eyes seeking the failing flame. It

is only a coward who flinches from the inevitable. Forch was not a coward, and this decision had become the inevitable. He was never at any time, under any condition, given to lying to himself; and such a decision once made would admit of no repeal, could be nullified by no after mutation of mental attitudes. Even were there no other reason, he had not time for wavering. O God, how short life was!

When the gray ashes sank coldly between the andirons, and the storm sobbed but faintly in the distance, as a child that lay troubled in sleep after a tempest of tears; when the four walls of the white rooms stretched out into infinite black spaces that were chill and evocative of phantoms, and the hour of morning had come, wherein life that is touches closest to life that is not, Forch stirred, and presently got to his feet. He had made his choice; but it did not bring peace. He was feverishly eager for the dawn that he might carry into effect a certain resolution formed during the night. As nothing lasts forever, save forever, the night ended at length and Forch, weary and white, moved about the room regained to him by the ghostly first light.

He gathered all of his sketches in oils and monochrome together, all of his brushes and colors, everything. Laden with these he opened the alcove door, and plunged out into the gray wet quietude of the earliest morning. A short half mile and the beautiful river of the country curved, crescent wise, with the large, magnificent sweep of the mountains. The first sunshine touched the blurred western lands as he paused under the willow-fringed bank close down to the water. Here Forch cut the canvases into strips and tore the more fragile sketches to fragments. He tossed them out on the river, then the tubes and brushes—everything. As a vicious side current caught them up and whirled them out of sight around the bend he sank down and hid his face in his hands. The effort had been heroic; but the aftermath was not sweet. As he sat there, the sun rose and the mountains were gold with shadows,

purple like the purple of kings, and the river ran lucid silver under an endless opaline arch of sky.

When he lifted his head his eyes were wan from introspection, and the splendor of the illumining light flooding his half world made clearer his work and his inspirations; yet back in the room where the shadows fell, the bare easels and empty frames were mute reproaches, and memories disturbed him out of even the semblance of self-content. He concluded to return home.

III.

"For to keep or forget is as no man willeth."

Back among the old things the ghosts seemed laid for a time, and all went well. Forch was in earnest. He meant much and he meant highly. There were many things that he did not believe in, but he believed in belief. He believed that friendship exists, and that love is. He conceived of the possibility of a man without price, and a woman devoid of guile. And he believed in himself. He did not believe in the literary men of his time. He considered them inefficient to cope with the eternal and unchangeable realities of existence. He seriously objected to their general attitude of unconcern. What they could not understand they tolerated. They also tolerated what they understood. Mentally speaking, they sat on the fences of life, overseeing mankind at work in the Egyptian brick kilns, and using all things as material in an off-hand, incidental way that made a contemporary's silk hat of as much, or as little, importance as his soul. The literary woman was a little better. She helped more about the work, and had no great opinion of the literary man. If she had only foregone evolving Greek gods from space and giving them incongruous earthly settings, Forch could have honored her despite her tendency to tea and tears. But for her masculine *confreres* he had no manner of use. Exceptions? Assuredly. Forch was liberal minded to a fault. He admitted the exceptions. There was himself to begin with.

He shunned the literary man as the past, and made marvelous discoveries about the non-literary man and woman. He was, perhaps, inclined to the inevitable extreme, but it was to the extreme possessed in right of discovery by the innate greatness of all ages. The extreme of looking upon each man as that man's possible self rather than that man's real self. It was a mistake, of course—all extremes are—but, speaking from that most convincing of standpoints, the selfish, it is better for a man's own mental and moral conditions that he can look upon his next door brother as Arch God incarnate, rather than knave incarnate, else fool. And it was a mistake sanctioned by endless and keenly inspiring precedent.

The literary man considered Forch through his eyeglass a negligent moment or so, and put his costume and manner of speech into his next magazine story under the impression that he was expressing newly an ancient idiocy. Forch, who also shunned the magazines at this time, was unconscious as well as odd and outcast. He turned to the "large music of reasonable voices, and the warm grasp of living hands," with eagerness, as to wells of vital waters from whose lucid depths he drew life and strength for life work.

He planned his book, his first one. He had archaic ideas on the subject of this book. It was not to have the conventional object. It was to be written for the downing of no evanescent evil, for the furtherance of no fleeting theory. These might come in as side issues; but there were certain verities of this inexplicable existence that came first—the man, the woman, for instance.

All history, from the dimmest record out of Nineveh to the morning's chronicle, seemed but the endlessly shifting garment of brain and soul, which, in elder days, whether symbolized by the lion skin of the barbarian or the robe of the Greek, had clear and unshamed interpretation of that beneath, but which had come in these later times to wear as lying a significance as the modern costume. Despite the lies, however, Forch had faith in his verities. Wherefore he-

labored, with intervals of phantom warfare. For he could not forget. There is nothing dead in the universe—not even a strip of ruined canvas or a scrap of scrawled paper. The river had whirled them from sight, but in dreams they floated up on wide waters with regrets of blurred color and broken line, and by daylight he remembered the dream. At first the memory did not interfere with his work, at least not consciously, but one day as he held *séance* with his heroine, the thought of her as he had conceived her symbolized all womanhood in her, came to him as a picture.

From that day he was a haunted man. All new conceptions, significances, were suggested to him in this manner. Naturally his writing dragged. With every inadequate attempt he saw the meaning of his book in imperishable hues and undying truth of outline on some canvas left legacy to futurity. At this time no possibility of breaking his self-given word came to him. He worked doggedly, but the work had not the life, the right word remained unsaid, and the glamour was fatally gone. He did not discover immediately how badly he was writing. He had much faith in persistent energy of purpose, and all the pulses of his will yet beat toward the end he had in view. But, as Mr. Ruskin has clearly shown, energy of purpose and will power are not everything. Helvetius, Bandelaine and other maintainers of that most popular fallacy to the contrary, and Forch was daily proof of the fact. When he could no longer refuse to see the truth he became afraid. He began to see that he would give in. Two more years would have been wasted; he would stand traitor to himself, to his convictions, to the art he had deliberately elected to serve. The most difficult fact in life for a man to face is the fact that he is not so strong as he imagined himself to be. Forch did not flinch recognition of the fact, but he was shamed to the core over it, and sick at heart. Should he yet cling to the first choice or accept the alternative? The struggle was long and in good faith, yet

Forch knew from the first that it would end, as it did, in the alternative. He burned no ships this time.

The aftermath of the later decision was not sweeter than the other, and it had the added sting of the broken word, the subtle sense of disgrace. For the first time in his confident, arrogant, mental life he knew the pang of self-doubt. There is none greater.

In this mood there came a longing for outside stimulus, some word of blame or assurance, anything after the weary weeks of self-searching and amending, esoteric cross-questioning. Leaning from the open window of his dark room late on the night of the conclusion come to, he saw that the light from the smoking room yet fell on the pavement from the window beneath his own, and, after a second of hesitation, went slowly down to confessional.

Forch senior lay on the roomy divan at ease, and the smoke of the Havana was fragrant and filled the air. The gas burned low, and the late fire of April was dim through the vague blue haze as Forch sank down on the end of the divan and lit the cigar his father tossed from the stand at his side.

"The first time in a week," said Forch senior, "I am honored."

Forch blushed, discerning the more earnest undertone. He had been selfish as well as recreant. His face showed that he accepted the reproach. He looked at Forch senior in anxious appeal; somehow it seemed difficult to begin.

"You want to tell me something," said Forch senior; "what is it now?"

He would have listened calmly to the recital of any tangible sin, any common trouble, but this.

There are heights and depths in each man's soul that can never be apprehended by other men, however near and dear. These two did not differ essentially from the rest of their kind. Forch senior could not comprehend the nature of his boy's suffering; but he saw that he suffered, and his heart went out to him across the non-comprehension and the sense of irritation inevitably accompanying it. The simple fact of a man's mistak-

ing his vocation did not appear to him to contain the elements of a tragedy so long as the mistake was discovered in time. He himself had thrown away three years in a lawyer's office before realizing that nature meant him to shine a star in the commercial world. Still he did not care to say all this to Forch. He felt that it would be useless. It was easier a few days later, when he expressed a desire to pursue his art abroad, to give him unlimited letters of credit; easier on the morning of his departure to repeat some words that had once the power to make tangled ways straight: "Your life is yours, to be lived as you will, where you will; your happiness is mine."

The words were wistful in spite of himself. He was getting old; fifty-eight is a long way on the road to that last verity of life, and Forch was his all.

Forch turned suddenly: "Come with me." It was, of course, as impracticable as if the proposal had been made to the City Hall; but for a moment they looked at each other as if it were probable that the head of an intricate and elaborate system of machinery could engage passage to the ends of the earth at an hour's notice.

"Out of the question," said the elder man at length, "but thank you, my dear fellow."

Forch looked at him in sudden, passionate protest and made a suggestion that was youthful in the extreme.

"Why don't you wind things up for good? What is the use of wearing yourself out like this?"

The man grown gray in harness smiled indulgently.

"Give up my business!" he echoed; "Are you daft, Forch? I should die in a week."

IV.

"Now comes the pain of truth—to whom 'tis pain."

Forch, drifting artward, lay lost in ocean languors and ceased to battle with fate, in whom he had come to believe. It was very well for the

arrogance of egotism to say, "I that am I," not knowing that it only meant, "I that am my forefathers." He lay on deck between two violet heavens, and found comfort in dreamy surmises regarding that unknown ancestor to whom he was indebted for his newly discovered inheritance of irresolution. But he soon became incapable of even this slight mental effort, and drifted by imperceptible degrees into that delicious, irresponsible condition of idiocy characteristic of the passenger half seas over. He forgot that there was a Past. He did not remember that there was a To-Come. The waters were wide and there was not any dry land in sight.

There were brutes on board who flirted, and smoked, and played cards; but Forch knew it as through a haze. The weather was heavenly. All influences of air, sea and sky played on him and made him of them—the winds sighing up from underworlds that might have lain "out of space and out of time" so far had they been dreamed into illimitable distances; the crystals of calm, dawn-time seas; the bronze blue of twilight skies, the quivering black note of some distant birdwing, the solitude of the darkness beneath, chill, wide spaces wherein stars of gold had regal mockery for the dull earth star. Forch was but some sensitively strung instrument for exquisite response to touches like these.

He took no thought in this interval of lotus-like inertia. He dreamed that it could last indefinitely. When the dream was broken by a jubilant directing of glasses toward a black line on the horizon, he cursed the scheming devil of unrest that cut it short in six days.

Liverpool, London, the Channel, succeeded in an evil dream. Then came Paris. But Paris, in his then state of mind, did not satisfy. It was indeed scarcely bearable after the somnolence of the voyage. All was febrile, bright, insistent not too new, but too conscious. A beauty, a wit, a little *passé*—these symbol Paris. Heresy, perchance, but truth—like most heresy.

French art inspired him no more than French history. A thousand ideals, rivers of blood for each, the axe to each. The inconstancy of the capital flashed as brilliantly in its pictures as in its records. Now and then came a peasant who painted the Frenchman instead of the Parisian, but he came infrequently and was best understood abroad. Method was god, and such minor elements as the artists of other lands elevated into undue importance, found here their proper place.

Forch turned to Rome, "wooed by the sweet white peace of antiquity," half forgetting, as did Ouida's *Ariadne*, that Rome is dead. But Rome dead means more than other cities living.

Forch did not go to learn, save unconsciously, nor to copy with national variations the life work of the past. He went to read the revealed soul of antiquity; to breathe the atmosphere of simplicity and nobility that enveloped it; to seek out its meaning and make its beauty an integral portion of his own life. Something of this he succeeded in. That he did not succeed wholly may be ascribed to the distracting influence of the ubiquitous American tourist. A demoralizing conviction of the futility of mortal aspiration would fasten upon Forch when he came across little, large-eyed girls making "Lakeside" copies of Raphael or free hand cartoons of marble deities who seemed to be asking mutely, with sad, calm eyes: "Are we, indeed, come to this?"

We frequently read, with innocent wonder, letters from our friends abroad wherein they casually mention having rented old Spanish or Italian palaces for the season, nor know that were Irish cabin rentals so low there had been fewer evictions. Forch, who shared the American impression regarding them, was a trifle amused at the smallness of the sum which gave into his hands for the half year the beautiful, crumbling old pile just outside of Rome. He got together a picturesque retinue of thieves, and settled down in the establishment they arranged for him.

It was strange to stand in the vast

arch of the doorway, beneath the half effaced insignia of a forgotten nobility, and look down on the wild luxuriance of the ancient gardens with a sense of ownership. Strange to reflect on the mutations of circumstance that had rendered such a sense possible. What was life worth, after all, but a smile? No, he did not mean that! What did he mean? What did he want? Before he had known, he wanted to write a book. He believed that he could do it now. He wanted to paint a picture; but he did not know if he could. That was the difference. He had lost faith in himself. It is said that humility is good for the soul. That may be. It is not good for the artist. Still, for awhile, the disturbed consciousness of this last faith remained in abeyance, stilled by the thrilling potency of novel influences. New tides of power pulsed in his veins. There seemed inspiration in the soft winds floating in from tangled, dark garden alleys that led to sunny widths of marble steps where small lizards slid, with prismatic flash as of jewels, over gray urns fallen among the vines. And under low hung skies of gold-starred purple, all dreams came true—in a dream.

The dream lasted until the face of Mnemosyne leaned one night between his face and the heavens of Italy. The next morning he thought persistently of certain manuscript locked away in New York. That was the beginning of the end. It has been said that Forch had the conscience of a great artist. One having that conscience cannot yield to any art a divided allegiance. He either serves wholly, else not at all. Forch, in honor, had but the last alternative. In the acceptance of it, while enduring the acutest mental agony of his life, he faced a second truth. He realized that "the worst drop of bitterness can never be wrung on to our lips from without." There was no hell of shame that he did not traverse, no stinging dredg that he did not drain, no merciless troth that he did not press to his soul, until he could have cried aloud had other force than his own given the torture, before he said, "I have failed."

V.

"If his hand accomplished nothing . . . (well, it is not proved)."

It was a dull, gray dusk when Forch senior took his way home that December of '90. He was tired and dreaded the loneliness of the desolate house. As he let himself in, he caught the odor of a cigar in the hall, and then through the open door of the smoking room was a glimpse of the dearly loved and quite unexpected. "But how ill you are looking," cried Forch senior. "What is it now?"

An hour later Forch, on the rug in that old boyish attitude of his, was making a second confession to Forch senior as that gentleman smoked on the divan above. Forch senior hardly comprehended this confession better than the last. But even as his heart leaped up to shield the poor fellow from himself, a selfish joy stirred him. He was sorry for Forch, yet he had him again. He reached his hand down till he touched Forch's hands, clasped above his head. Forch moved a little closer that the hand might rest on his forehead. The cool touch was very sweet. He felt like a wilful, tired child that gives up at last. He was weary of thinking, of acting—what had it all come to? His lips quivered in the fire-lit dusk of the room. He drew his father's hand against his thin cheek.

"Dear," he said, "let me be, even as thy lowest hired servant."

Which, of course, only meant that he was willing to be the "and son" of one of the largest houses in the country; but which was said very sin-

cerely, and from the pitiful depths of a strong man's weakness.

So it chanced that the heart of Forch senior, though sometimes sorrowful on account of Forch's changed face, was yet glad on the whole; for were not their ways as one?

It was not the life Forch had dreamed of, but it was not devoid of sweetness: He who was not worthy to live for art was found capable of living for love. Sometimes he found himself wondering if it were not better to satisfy the thirst of the one heart linked to his by the subtle blood-bond than to lift some perchance unneeded draught to the million alien lips. Sometimes, meeting Forch senior's eyes bent on him across the office table in anxious regard, he was ashamed that it had not been his choice instead of his alternative. Sometimes he blushed to think how it was but after life had failed for his own arrogant purposes that he had come saying, "It is yours"—blushed to think how eagerly and tenderly the gift had been taken, as the best that could have been.

It is sometimes good to be cast back from hardly attained altitudes of soul into the saving arms of common, human love. Otherwise we might never realize what an all pervading, unspeakably beautiful thing such love is. There were moments when Forch felt the failure well made. They did not last very long, nor come very often, perhaps; but a few such moments of divine insight can illumine long desert wastes of life.

In them Forch had his glimpses of the Holy Grail.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

BY MARION F. HAM.

THY soul, anhungered, came and begged of me
A single crust of love from all my store;
My soul denied it, and in poverty
I sit for aye a beggar at thy door.

BOHEMIAN PEASANT LIFE.

BY F. P. KOPTA.



FOR many years I have lived among Bohemian peasants in one of the most romantic parts of Bohemia—that known as "Samava," or "The Switzerland." It lies near the Bavarian boundary, and is divided from the same by the Bohemian Forest, that stretches itself for miles and miles in almost unbroken solitude.

Far as eye can see, one distinguishes nothing but a wilderness of fir, pines, and various kinds of needle wood, with here and there an oak, ash, elm, or beech. Though so near to the boundary, the people are Slavonians, speaking the Chekh or Bohemian language, and altogether different from their neighbors, the Bavarians. The country itself is broken by mountains, some of them crowned with thick forests, while others rise high and barren, often crowned with the ruins of some old historic castle. At the foot usually lies a limpid lake, fed by the many rills and running streams formed in the mountain side, and round this lake cluster the few houses that form a Bohemian village. In the middle there is almost always a small chapel, or if the village is too small or poor, a large wooden crucifix. The houses are small, mostly built of gray stone, and thatched with red tiles. They generally consist of two rooms, the kitchen and a bed room, though some have only one big room, and a small shed or stable at the back or side for the cow, goat, or pig, that forms the chief wealth of a Bohemian peasant. The geese and chickens often have a small pen to themselves. In some parts one still finds old log houses thatched with straw, but they are growing rarer and rarer, as wood is becoming dearer, and the insurance companies ask a much higher price for straw-thatched cottages than for tiles.

All the large villages have schools, but the smaller ones sometimes have to send their children a long way to a strange village, as education is compulsory in Bohemia.

In summer the life of a peasant is pleasant enough, although many ladies would be horrified to see the women all at work in the fields, many of them carrying their babies in large baskets on their backs and leading the larger ones by the hand. What do the women do in the fields? Well, it would be harder to say what they do not do. All of them hoe, weed, and make hay; many of them plow with oxen, but only on their own fields, never for hire; and all of them go to the forest to gather dry branches, always in fear and trembling of the forester, who wages incessant war with them, as many not satisfied with the dry branches, cut small green trees, and do a lot of mischief. They almost always, to speak the truth, steal all their wood, as very few noblemen allow them to go in their forest, and even those who do, require either so many days' work for the privilege, or the forester demands mushrooms and berries for leaving them alone.

Still, in spite of all this, there is a great deal of pleasure in a peasant's life, and I have known many girls who went to service and had good places, return disgusted with city life. It is a mistake to suppose that all peasant women are miserable, and that their life is all drudgery. Thanks to the many saints' days, the Bohemian peasants have many holidays, and they enjoy them thoroughly, generally dancing the whole night through. It is the custom of the country that they should work in the fields; nothing would induce some of them to do anything else, and I have often wished that the would-bephilanthropist could hear their lamentations when some accident or illness has forced them to re-

main home for any length of time. The work may be hard, but it is almost always done in company ; often with the hired lads, if she works on an estate, or with the farmers' sons and daughters, if she happens to be in the service of a farmer. Anyway it is always in the free air, with the sky above them, and when they now and then stretch their bodies out and look around, they are almost always sure to see their friends and neighbors, perhaps even their sweethearts at work not far away. Many are the jokes and merry jests that go flying about while the busy hands weed and hoe, and often one hears melancholy love songs resounding among the dark mountains and losing themselves in far away echoes.

Of course it is not always spring, and when the harvest time has come and the rich fields lie golden in the sun, naturally the poor peasants have much toil and heat to endure ; but it is merry work. Almost all of them have a patch of rye, often a bit of wheat or barley ; and when they have finished with their own harvest, they go to work on the large estates. Here one can see bands of them, the men mostly in their shirt sleeves, reaping, and the women in short blue, pink, and striped dresses, with bright cotton handkerchiefs tied around their heads, making and binding the sheaves.

When the last field has been reaped, they begin to get ready for the "Harvest Home." The horses and oxen are garlanded with flowers ; also the wooden carts, into which get all the peasants that have helped in the farm work, and take their places, some sitting on the sheaves of grain, others holding on to the sides of the carts. Musicians (every Bohemian village has its own band), generally walk before, though sometimes they also sit in a cart, and play their liveliest tunes. The long procession winds from the field to the village, and generally drives thrice* round the chapel, when they all stop, and a girl, if possible dressed in white, carries a beautiful wreath made of every kind of grain and wild

flowers that grow in the fields, to the chapel, and hangs or places it before the altar. The procession moves on, the musicians blowing away for dear life at their trumpets, till the castle or manor house is reached. There they all get out, a procession is formed with the girl in white at the head carrying just such a wreath as before. She is accompanied by two or three others, one of whom carries two glasses of beer on a tray, the other a piece of paper on which the village schoolmaster has spent long hours in making a poem suitable to the occasion, or, if he be dull of wits, a set speech. If the girl is clever she has learned it by heart, and repeats it glibly before her lord and lady and the assembled company ; but if not, she grows confused, blushes, stammers, and with difficulty reads it from the paper in her hand. The girl with the beer glasses comes to her rescue, if she sees the leader is about to break down. With a gracious smile she offers the beer, first to the lord, who hands it to his lady, "with many wishes for the health of the illustrious family." Both are expected to take a sip ; also the guests. The lord thanks the peasants for their good wishes and diligence in his service, and either gives them money or sends them to the inn (generally a large estate has its own inn), where music and plenty of beer have been provided for the occasion.

There the peasants dance all night, the girls flirting away, as girls will flirt, and the youths getting drunk and quarreling with one another. Perhaps they would come to blows if it were not the "Harvest Home," at which time the inn-keeper has orders to turn out any one who shows an inclination to fight. The "Harvest Home" is the great affair of the summer ; and when it is over the work goes on diligently enough, but without the looking forward of the spring.

Of course, I have here described how the feast is kept on the landed estates. The farmers merely make cakes and coffee, but everyone tries to have something good to eat at the end of the harvest.

* In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

When the potatoes and beets are in the cellars, most of the women begin earnestly to haunt the forests to gather wood for the winter. Sometimes their husbands accompany them; very often their half-grown children, but as a general thing two friends go together. Some of them carry long poles with iron hooks at the end to drag down dead branches, and all of them carry small axes to cut any wood they can find. This is the time when conscientious forest-men get up early and wander late, seeking their prey; and when they catch a wretched woman, either have her brought before the court for stealing, or content themselves with taking her basket or ax. To a Bohemian woman her basket is a great treasure; in it she carries not only her baby and her clothes, if she is going visiting, but also wood, cabbages, potatoes—everything, in a word, that can be carried. To meet all these requirements, it must naturally be large and strong, and it is kept on the back by two straps, which, fastened inside the basket and passing over the shoulders, are securely fastened behind. It is almost incredible what weights some women are able to carry in these willow baskets.

When the greater part of the wood is housed, then begins the dull time in a peasant woman's life, if she be not fond of staying indoors; for it is the time to spin and knit the rough, white woolen stockings that are the fashion in this part of the world. Much less spinning is done nowadays than in the old times; still most of the undershirts and working clothes of the men and boys are made of home-spun wool and flax. Before Christmas, the young girls in many parts come together every evening in one another's houses, and spin in company. It is a pleasant sight to see so many young faces, laughing and joking, while the old mother or grandmother sits nodding by the stove. Almost always the conversation turns on ghosts, or warnings, as Christmas time is especially supposed to be open to ghostly influence; and many are the legends and stories, told in half-whispers, as if the

dreaded ones could hear. The eyes of the maidens, anxiously peering about, often fall on the slouching figures of their lovers, who stand sheepishly outside the door or half-hidden behind the stove, waiting to take the girls home. Feeling reassured, the maidens laugh, but it does not prevent them from clutching nervously the arm of the youth, if the moonlight casts strange shadows on their homeward way.

Thus far, I have spoken of the outward life of a Bohemian peasant; now I propose to speak of the inward, or home life, that moulds the character and turns out the men and women of a nation.

A Bohemian home though never so humble is, take it all in all, a cheerful place, as the people, however poor, are merry by nature. Then it is invariably a clean place, as the white pine tables and chairs have been scrubbed and re-scrubbed, till they could not be whiter. The floor, however old, is also clean, and the few pots, and pans, and tin spoons reflect the sunlight as they hang on the walls. There is almost always a large oven in one corner to bake bread, and a smaller stove where the family cooking is done. Generally there are two bedsteads with red and white, or blue and white, feather beds and bolsters, and a cradle, seldom empty, rocked by a fair-haired little boy or girl. On the wall hangs a crucifix, and a few gaudy pictures of Christ, or the Virgin, or some of the saints, while a cheap clock enlivens the silence with its loud ticking. The small window is filled with common pot flowers carefully watered and tended, and sometimes one even finds a bird hung up in some home-made cage of willow.

The Bohemian peasants, as a rule, get up very early, many at three and four in the morning, and their first meal consists of some thick soup. Coffee is only made on holidays or state occasions. At eight o'clock school begins, and in every village one can see troops of fair-haired children hurrying on their way, with books and slates, and a large piece of

black rye bread sticking out of their pockets.

The midday meal is at twelve, generally consisting of soup, vegetables, or various dishes made of flour. Meat is seldom eaten, except on feast or saints' days. At one school begins again during the winter months; in summer the teachers make other arrangements, as most of the eldest children have to keep the baby while their mothers are at work in the fields, or they must tend the goat or little geese.

Geese play an important part in a Bohemian peasant's life, as even the poorest try to keep a few for the supply of feathers. The geese they sell in autumn to Bavarian poultry merchants, who come to Bohemia every fall and buy hundreds of them, which they send by train to all parts of Germany, where the peasants do not raise them. All over Bohemia in spring, one can see little downy geese feeding on the grass by the wayside, with a wee tow-headed boy or girl playing near to take care of them.

In summer, supper consists of milk, sweet or sour, and black rye bread or potatoes.

The chapel always has a bell, and morning, noon and night, one can hear the prayers being rung and often, if it be a fine day, one can hear the bells of several villages.

After harvest the cows are driven out to the fields and pastures—the largest and handsomest cow with a bell hung round her neck. When the autumn chill comes on, the children tending the cattle build little fires to roast potatoes and to warm themselves. On Sunday all the world goes to hear mass in the next town, and to buy such scant groceries as they need; but in the afternoon they amuse themselves, often with dancing, if they can get anyone to play for them, or in gossiping with their neighbors while they knit their stockings or sew some finery. Should a youth from the village study for the priesthood and be ordained, not only his own village, but all the villages near, go to hear him read his first mass, and great is the

rejoicing, since special benefits and absolutions attend hearing a priest read his first mass. The Bohemians are not, however, as a nation at all bigoted. It is not so long ago that they were nearly all Protestants, and the memory of John Huss is revered by the poorest and most humble. Neither are they an ignorant people; it would be hard to find one who cannot read and write, and who does not know much of his country's glorious past. I have often marveled to hear peasants describe battles and tell me correctly the history of castles and people, whom one would suppose they had never heard about in their lives. Much of their knowledge, doubtless, comes from old soldiers who have returned crippled to their villages, and from musicians who have wandered all over Austria in bands, playing at weddings and other celebrations. All Bohemians love music, and the greater part of the boys learn to perform upon some instrument from the village schoolmaster while still at school; others, more advanced, walk long distances to learn from better teachers. At the age of fourteen, the peasant children leave school forever; the boys to learn a trade or go to service with some farmer, while the girls enter places as servants or go out to work in the fields. The Bohemians are, as a rule, skilled workmen. They are intelligent and hard-working, and, above all, willing and polite. Every spring large bands of them go to work in Vienna and Germany, where they are gladly employed. In the winter, when work is slack, they return home and live upon the money they have saved during the summer. The girls are naturally good cooks, and if only a moderate chance is offered them, they soon find employment as cooks in first-class hotels and eating-houses.

But most of them remain home, marry early, and if possible have a fine wedding. This means a new dress of any lively color, a myrtle wreath wound around their fair hair, a band of music going before them to the church, while the village boys fire squibs and shout themselves hoarse.

A dinner with several kinds of meats and cakes is served at the bride's house; then follow music and dancing till morning. This constitutes a fine wedding, and will be remembered with pride.

The christenings, on the other hand, are not nearly such fine affairs. The small mite, if it be a boy, is dressed in a cap and jacket with small red bows made of narrow ribbons, and is tied up in a little feather bed with large bows of the same color, red and white being the national colors of Bohemia. The godfather and godmother gallantly help the mid-wife to carry him to the nearest church, where he is made a Christian. Baptizements generally take place on the third day after birth, and the child generally takes the name of its god-parents, or of the saint on whose day it was born. The god-parents usually send the mother fine white flour to bake cakes of, or some other small present. The parents again regale the god-parents, when they return, with coffee, cakes, beer, and, if possible, with wine. All over Bohemia the peasants believe in the evil eye, and carefully hide the little face from anyone's prying curiosity. One is always expected to bless the baby, and, if a Catholic, to make the sign of the cross above its face on first seeing it. The same is expected if one goes inside the stable to see a new foal, calf or little pig. Children meeting one always give the greeting, "Praised be the Lord Jesus," and one is expected to answer devoutly, "In everlasting."

In every village one can find people who work spells, or, what answers the same purpose, are supposed to work spells. Some are good, some are bad,

and they are known by their effects. Some people are believed to be able to cure wounds, sickness and various diseases. From the cases I have seen I should suppose they were mostly faith or sympathy cures. Many, however, die despite the doctors and spells. Old people are buried without much ado, but if a maiden or youth die, generally the money that under happier circumstances would have been spent on them, is spent on their funerals. If it be a youth, all the young girls of the village who have white dresses, crowned with myrtle wreaths, follow him as bridesmaids. If it be a maiden, youths dressed in black accompany her coffin. If the burying-yard be not too far, the dead is carried; but generally a cart, arranged for the occasion, bears them over the mountains to their last home, while musicians play dolefully before the procession. When the mourning friends return, they are feasted at the expense of the sorrowful parents.

Alas! grief comes into the peasant's hut as well as into the nobleman's palace, and there are breaking hearts every spring, when the time of the conscription comes on, and the lad who has been the stay of his parents is taken to serve three years in the Austrian army. But trouble is common in all lands and among all conditions of men, so that, take it all in all, in spite of heavy taxes, hard work and poor fare, I believe the Bohemian peasant is as happy as most peasants of Europe, for their sunny natures, love of music, and invariable good temper help them to pass their lives in peace, where others would be forever lamenting and abusing Providence.



A WOMAN'S ESCAPE FROM RICHMOND.

BY JEANIE GOULD LINCOLN.

Author of "Majorie's Arrest," "Her Washington Season," Etc.



MONG the many charming and accomplished women whom the waves of change have floated into Washington working life, there is one whose varied experience has been to her most interesting. In accordance with a long-standing promise that she should tell me the story of her leaving the beleaguered Southern city in 1865, and the adventures which attended her escape, she related the following incidents, one cool October evening, as we sat cosily together in my library, with a bright wood fire burning on the hearth and my Persian cat purring softly beside it:

I was living on Franklin street, very far out, in a roomy old house where my brother, Major C—, adjutant to the general commanding the department of Richmond, and the other members of his staff, had their mess. I was the only lady who lived in the mess, and I must say I enjoyed it thoroughly, for I was well taken care of by an ancient colored woman called Aunt Emily, whose various children and grand-children formed our retainers. We had been for some time very apprehensive of the fate of Richmond, but on that lovely spring morning, April 2d, I felt particularly well and happy, with the feverish light-heartedness which we women managed to keep in those days; and in dressing for church I put on my only good gown, a really handsome, rich, black silk which had been recently obtained from the blockade runners.

I usually attended St. Paul's church, which is near the Capitol, and the rector at that time was the well-known Dr. M—. That morning my pew in the gallery at the right of the clergyman was occupied by only one person beside myself, my friend Miss

M—, but the church was full, and as usual among the congregation was President Davis and the members of his cabinet. The service had progressed as far as the "Lessons," when I saw in the opposite gallery an orderly walking up and down behind the pews, evidently searching for somebody, but, being very near-sighted, I did not at that distance recognize, or know until long after, that it was my brother's orderly and that he was looking for me. Directly after, as you have no doubt heard (for this incident has been told by others), a messenger came up the aisle for President Davis. I saw him whisper something in the president's ear, and then Mr. Davis arose and left the church quietly, followed by the gentlemen of his cabinet. Curiously enough my most vivid recollection of that scene is the opening and shutting of the pew-doors, first gently, then quicker and quicker, until the rapid, sharp sound produced such an alarming effect upon the congregation that a partial panic ensued, which Dr. M— strove vainly to allay. I shall never forget the impressive manner in which he stood imploring the people to be calm and remain where they were, in the sanctuary, the house of God, which would be respected by friend and foe alike. A crowd has always been a very terrifying thing to me, and I, therefore, followed his advice, holding Miss M— fast, for she was so frightened that I feared she would be injured if I let her go. I was thus almost the last person to leave my seat, which I did quietly, going down among my friends after reaching the street.

There I found Major A—, of our staff, who had come to look for me, bringing a message from my brother to go home, pack all our belongings, cook everything edible in the house, and be ready to

leave Richmond at any moment, but to mention my instructions to nobody. As soon as the major left me I was surrounded by a crowd of people, many of whom were utter strangers, begging to be told what had happened, and from whom I was obliged to extricate myself as soon as possible, giving many smiles but no information. To avert suspicion I walked leisurely home, and on reaching the parlor sent for the servants and gave my orders.

They instantly understood my purpose, and poor Aunt Emily fell upon her knees, and with sobs, tears and cries, such as only an African can utter, they one and all implored me not to leave them behind, until I fairly fled from the storm I had raised, taking refuge in my own room and trying to pack some necessary articles. In a few minutes I was interrupted by my cousin's coming in to tell me that my brother desired me to put on my riding habit, and to pack our belongings separately, which gave me great uneasiness, as I knew at once that we must be going in different directions.

I was destined not to finish packing that trunk, for shortly after a second message came, directing me to go down to the quartermaster general's office, where I had occupied a desk, as they were destroying all official papers and wished me to select any important ones in my charge which they might require. The office was situated opposite the Capitol, and in walking down I met scores of people with anxious hearts and excited faces, hurrying to and fro; for by that hour the news of a general evacuation had become known, partly through its announcement from the pulpit by the Reverend Doctor H—, of the Presbyterian church.

At the office the clerks were tearing papers and throwing them through the windows into the square, till the street was piled with *debris*. Among the torn papers near my desk I picked up an autograph letter of General Lee's, which I put into my pocket, and have to this day as one of my most valued mementos.

At the office I found Miss L—, whose desk adjoined mine. She was weeping bitterly, and asked if she might make her escape with me. I was most anxious to relieve her distress, and asked her if she was equal to a horseback journey. She replied that was impossible for her, and as I did not then know what my own fortunes were to be, I told her that she must wait until I could hear again from my brother, when I would do all I could for her. To Miss L—'s lack of horsemanship I owe my presence on the only train containing passengers which left Richmond, as, finding that we could take her, she accompanied me.

One rather comical incident occurred, owing to my being obliged to share my one trunk with her. A second trunk in which I packed the gowns I could not find room for in the first, was captured with the rest of our luggage and taken to Petersburg. Among those gowns was a ball dress, dear to my heart, of pink silk, and "Dandy Jim," a colored boy, who knew me well and had often seen me attired in it, actually beheld a young Union soldier *pirouetting* on a piazza in the skirt of it, chanting "Dixie" at the top of his lungs, to the great amusement of his comrades as they joined in the chorus.

Late in the evening a wagon came for my trunk, which had received Miss L—'s contribution, and a few minutes later, two old friends, John A— and Mr. Mc H— appeared, ushered by Aunt Emily, to escort me to the train, my brother being on duty and unable to come to me. As I expected to join him in several days, I took his army hat and cape over my arm, and I also carried a large bundle. Its contents were a cooked turkey, hard boiled eggs, and hot biscuit—that the latter were very hot when Aunt Emily packed them, my arms testified; these were strapped in an army blanket which I needed to sleep on, so when I was not eating turkey it served for a pillow.

On our way to the train we found the streets full of weeping and praying crowds; the gutters at certain points

were running over with whisky, brandy, and wines, which had been emptied by the commissary department, and a small army of men and women, both white and colored, were engaged in dipping it up with pails and buckets, getting noisily drunk during the process. At the depot we found the cars of the out-going train guarded by soldiers detailed to protect such records of the Confederacy as had been deemed necessary to carry away. Miss L—— and I made our way into the train, finding it crowded almost to suffocation, but with men alone, as we were the only ladies in the car. We did not start until late at night, however; there were no lights in the cars, and the exhausted men lay along the floors. While waiting, some amusement was created by a voice being heard in the darkness, which said loudly, "Is Miss C——y in this car?" "Yes," I called out; "what's the matter now?" The gentleman, Dr. W——, responded that he had a bottle of brandy to add to my commissary stores, which he brought, fearing I might need it and it was passed along by the soldiers, from hand to hand, until it reached me. I had reason afterward to be thankful for his consideration. After that I remember another long period of waiting, as the train was held for President Davis and the members of his cabinet, and as soon as the party were safely on board, in darkness and sadness, with fear and despair in our hearts, we rolled slowly out of our beloved Southern city, many of us leaving it never to return.

Early in the morning a most unfortunate accident occurred; the train ran over a man, killing him instantly. We stopped, of course, and as there were no papers in his ragged shirt, nor any way to identify the poor tramp, it was determined to bury him there at the road-side. Some soldiers detailed for the duty dug a grave, and some of us got out of the car and stood reverently beside it. I recollect President Davis' appearance as he got slowly down from the train, with a small grey worsted muffler tied over his ears, and wrapped in a long coat,

for the early morning air was chilly and damp. I think one of the party said a few words of prayer. I have often since then thought of the wanderer lying peacefully in that lonely grave.

On reaching Danville in the morning, we went to the hotel, where we each paid sixty dollars a day in Confederate money. Fortunately, I had money with me, which I had procured (ten for one) at the quartermaster general's office, some time before leaving Richmond. My stay at the hotel, however, was of short duration, as we were notified by the kind and hospitable residents that every house was open to us, and we had but to select our host. We gratefully accepted the offer, and took shelter in the delightful residence of Col. K——, where we stopped for nearly a fortnight, until after General Lee's surrender.

Just here an incident occurs to me illustrative of the great kindness and sympathy shown one another by our people. I was standing on the gallery one morning, when I noticed approaching me from up the street an ambulance wagon. It was raining hard and the Virginia mud was at its worst, covering not only the wagon and its wheels but the driver, too, was plentifully splashed, as I saw when he stopped, got out, and came running up to me. He knew me by sight, and giving his name, which I recognized as that of the most distinguished quartermaster in our army, said:

"I have no time to ask your condition, but I presume you are homeless, and I stop to say that if you will go to Augusta, Ga., my house and home will be open to you as long as you choose to stay. Good-bye, God bless you!"—and he was off, not mentioning that he had left our Secretary of the Treasury in that muddy wagon, or that he knew my brother had been captured.

The scenes accompanying the news of General Lee's surrender were too pathetic to be described. Among our household party was Governor Smith ("Extra Billy") and his son, and,

including Colonel K——'s family and the refugees, we sat down eighteen at table. But the food stood actually untasted in our days of agony, when strong men wept tears of despair and women were helpless to comfort them.

Our hostess, knowing that the enemy was approaching nearer daily, and fearing to lose her family silver, resolved to secrete it; so one dark night, Mrs. K——, Miss L—— and I, carefully concealing the fact from everyone, proceeded to pack the valuables and let them down the well which stood in the garden not far from the house. I have understood that all the silver saw the light afterward, with the exception of those pieces which I lowered so carefully that they have entirely disappeared.

Our party was now about to be separated, and it behooved me to determine my own destination, so far as circumstances and the Union army would permit. Miss L—— implored me to follow the fortunes of Mr. Davis and his cabinet, but I resolved to return to Richmond, with the view of getting eventually to my family in Washington; and I finally induced her to accompany me. My host, finding that we were about to leave his roof, and not knowing what our financial condition might be, produced a small, black trunk filled with silver dollars, and generously offered its contents to any or all of the party. Fortunately I was supplied with funds and did not, therefore, avail myself of the kindness. Another officer, Colonel McL——, came to me with tears in his eyes and fourteen dollars in his hand—all he had—and pressed me to accept half of it. Governor Smith, finding that we had decided to leave, requested the lieutenant-governor (who was one of our house party), to take charge of us to the nearest outpost of the Union army, so with many tears we bade our friends adieu, and from most of them it was for me a final parting.

One of the most vivid impressions I have of my departure was the appearance of General John C. Breckinridge, our Secretary of War, who came

to give me letters for his wife who had remained in Richmond. He was mounted on a fine black horse, and as I came down the walk to the gate, he was so wrapt in reflection, his head bowed upon his breast and his whole figure so majestically sad, that I stood reverently beside him for some seconds before he perceived my presence. The motionless horse and rider impressed me deeply; it was an epitome of the times.

Starting early in the morning with the lieutenant-governor and another officer, we went to the Danville station, and proceeded by train as far as Clover Station, where we found that the railroad bridge had been burned, and we had to be taken across the river on a *batteau*, or flat-bottomed boat. Before crossing we met two colored men, who told us they were anxious to return to Richmond, and upon our promising to give them a silver dollar each, they agreed to go with us and wait upon us during our journey. On the opposite side of the river our engineer procured a hand-car, on which we put the trunk, which Miss L—— and I used as a seat, the gentlemen walking on the track behind us, and the colored men pushing the car. After going a few miles, hoping to meet a train (which never came), we arrived at a station which was on fire. Seeing this, our engineer informed us that he would be obliged to return with his hand-car to Clover, which he did. The gentlemen searched for and found an old hand-car on a side track, which, by skillful patching up, they made strong enough to carry us onward. While they were busily at work I became so overcome with sleep that, casting about for some place to repose, my eyes lit upon a woodpile so far safe from the flames, and climbing on the shady side of that pile I selected a nice clean pine knot for a pillow, and fell tranquilly asleep. There I was found by my much-amused companions and awakened to life, flight and the hand-car.

Before our friendly engineer left us, finding that we were very hungry and that nothing edible could be procured,

he tried to relieve us by offering all he had, a piece of salt fish and some corn bread, which we declined as kindly as possible, fearing to hurt his feelings. Foraging had now become a necessity, and after going some distance in our hand-car, we spied a house not very far from the track, and on sending one of our men to beg for what food the owner could spare, offering to pay for it, a lady came down to us, bringing corn bread and buttermilk, which the *sause piquante* of hunger made absolutely delicious, and for which she refused all remuneration.

We continued our journey, alternately walking and riding, and during the afternoon were startled by the sound of a distant voice shouting something, we could not at first comprehend what. Looking in the direction from whence the voice came, we discovered an officer dressed in a new and showy uniform (a startling apparition in those coatless and shabby days), galloping along the turnpike on a fine bay horse, and we finally understood him to say: "Is that Miss C——y?" I stood up in the car, and answered as well as I could from the considerable distance between us.

"Will you have my horse to hitch in front of your car?" he called out—"provided I can get him to you!" As we were on an embankment he was obliged to wait until we reached the spot where his road intersected our track; and we then discovered that he belonged to the church militant, for he was a young Methodist chaplain who had been told that our party was on the road and had kindly come to our assistance. However, we found it impossible to use his horse, as we had no means of attaching the animal to the car, so he journeyed on with us and contributed much to the spirit of our party by his fun and boyish jokes.

Just after dark we reached another station, near which we hoped to find shelter for the night. It had begun to rain, and we seated ourselves on the platform for a consultation. No sounds could be heard indicating the vicinity of an habitation—nothing but

the croaking of bull-frogs and the steady pattering of the rain. At last, somebody declared that faintly in the distance, a cow-bell could be distinguished; then we all hallooed in half a dozen different keys, and presently the cow became apparent in the darkness, followed by a colored man. We hailed him gratefully, and in response he said that the residence of Mr. O—— was some two miles distant, and he would take a message there for us. After several futile attempts we succeeded in inducing a match to burn under the shelter of an army hat, and Mr. F—— wrote on an envelope: "We are a party of seven, with ladies and two servants, shelterless, hungry and wet; can you take us in?" We watched the man and the cow gradually fade away in the darkness, and then sat down philosophically on the platform to await his return. After a reasonable lapse of time we heard the welcome sound of approaching wheels, and Mr. O—— drove up with a large wagon and a fine pair of bays; and in response to his hearty invitation, we packed ourselves into the wagon, and were driven to a most welcome shelter for the night. I recollect that the hot supper was delicious, the welcome unstinted, and my slumbers unbroken even by a dream.

The next day Mr. O—— provided for our use a Tennessee wagon, to which was harnessed a horse and a mule abreast, and another horse leading tandem. We had as an escort his overseer and a driver, who rode the off horse, and bidding our host a grateful adieu, we started for Meherin Station, which was the nearest point where we could enter the Union lines. We ladies sat in rocking chairs placed in the wagon for us, and we beguiled the time during a ride of fifteen or twenty miles, by songs and anecdotes, keeping up our spirits as best we could. We reached Meherin late that spring afternoon, and hoisting a white handkerchief on a long stick, drove into the camp of the Sixth Army Corps. Our driver, an ancient family retainer, with very elegant manners and a much-patched

old red coat, being unable to urge his conglomerate quadrupeds to any pace quicker than a deliberate walk, was the subject of much good-natured chaff from the soldiers, who, as we passed along would call out—"Hello! John, your hosses' running off! Ain't you 'fraid of them wild critters?" To each salutation he respectfully responded, "Thank you, sah!"—with a profound bow, and withering emphasis, which convulsed us with laughter.

We noticed just at this point that many of the men were reading newspapers, and I called out to one of them asking what paper he had. He answered that it was the "New York Herald," but he and several others whom we spoke to thrust the papers into the breasts of their blouses and refused to sell them or communicate the news. While the gentlemen of our party went in search of General Meade, we were driven to the hospital, where the surgeon in charge received us most politely, and Miss L—— and I were given the best room at his disposal, which was, of course, bare and empty but at least comfortable and clean. After establishing ourselves in it, we found that General Meade had kindly ordered a tent to be prepared for our accommodation, but decided to remain where we were, as the choice was given us.

Then we learned the reason why the soldiers refused to give away the New York papers, for to our infinite horror, we were told of the assassination of President Lincoln, the news of which had just reached the camps. We were very much terrified lest this might add to perils of our situation; Miss L——, indeed, was so overcome with the shocking news that she shed tears, and we looked sadly in each other's faces and wondered what would befall us next.

It was the first time I had ever been in camp, and the movement around the hospital, the changing of the guard, the soft sound of the distant bugles, made it strange and lonely enough, and we were only too glad to be summoned to the mess-room, where the

lighted candles and the ready blaze of the fire which the chill evening made necessary, enlivened us once more. We had a capital supper, and the officers were both kind and gallant in their hospitality to us, and after hearing all the news from the world outside our lines, we bade them good-night, and just as we were sinking asleep, four fine voices began singing under our windows, "The Granite Hills, My Boys!" which, even to our Confederate ears, proved a delightful lullaby.

Having, in 1863, signed a parole which prohibited me from entering the Union lines without permission, I was advised to see General Grant on my way to Richmond. The next day General Meade detached Major H—— to accompany our party to City Point, where we went in a few hours by train. City Point was then the center of everything on account of its being General Grant's headquarters, and was then filled to overflowing with soldiers and civilians. As we stood on a wharf, watching the boats with which the river was filled, I saw—to us—a most novel sight—an itinerant vender who had for sale some delicious looking plum cake and figs. Plum cake! I had not seen such for years, and involuntarily, I said so aloud. To my surprise and delight, a few minutes later, a gentleman in civilian's dress approached me and, raising his hat, respectfully handed me a paper parcel and disappeared. On opening it, lo! a generous supply of the coveted dainties greeted my astonished eyes. I have never had an opportunity to thank that Good Samaritan: I do so now.

We waited some little time on the river bank for Major H——, and upon his return he gave us in charge to Major B—— who, by General Grant's orders, escorted us to his private steamboat which was anchored in the middle of the stream, and when we were provided with quarters for the night, I then with due solemnity presented my kindly Union officer, Major H——, with an old tin cup as a relic, pretending that its value

would be greatly enhanced in his eyes because it had once been used by General Early.

The next day we were transferred to another boat bound for Richmond, and made a much more tranquil voyage than I anticipated, as I was terribly afraid that some one of the many torpedoes which our people had planted in the James River might have been overlooked by the Union soldiers and that we should be hoist on our own petard.

The spectacle that met our eyes when we landed in Richmond can hardly be described, and our bewilderment and distress over the extent of the burned district was almost overwhelming. There were no means of transportation except little donkey-carts driven by small boys; and, having put the trunk on one of these, we walked by its side the saddest part of our journey, for we could not even determine where our homes had once stood. Miss L—— at last found the site of her former house, but it was in ashes. I was more fortunate, for the house on Franklin street remained standing, but every pane of glass had been

shattered by the explosions, and when after my long march, I finally reached it, Aunt Emily and all the servants came flying out to greet me with the demonstration of tears and laughter of which their versatile race is capable. Indeed, I may well pay a just tribute of gratitude to my faithful old servants. The government rations, for which I was most grateful, were provided me; but they did not suit Aunt Emily's ideas, so without a word to me, the good old soul made pies and cakes (of which art she was past mistress), and sold them in the streets, and with the money thus obtained purchased and brought me spring lamb, peas, and all the delicacies to which I had long been stranger, and which she thought due her "Young Miss."

After two months of weary waiting I received the revocation of my parole, and was put on board a government transport bound for Washington, where I at last found myself re-united to my anxious family, and where I had many an anecdote beside this to tell of my three years' separation from them and my escape from Richmond.

A PORTRAIT OF A GENTLEMAN.

BY JOHN MANSON CHARLOTTE.

I KNEW him well. He was of a fine old southern family—a tall, thinnish man, white-haired, with a slight bend forward in his once magnificent physique; a face full of benignity and kindness, beardless and seeming never to have dropped the dew of perspiration; large, patient, yet spirited gray eyes; a carriage of grandly bearing; a nature eccentric, impulsive, lovable, resolute yet timid, gentle yet remorseful. A man of innate gentility and refinement—showing his ancestry in his bearing.

He had been born to position and plenty, and had been educated at home and abroad; he had been the classmate of statesmen and generals—and as a scholar he had few equals, as a gentle-

man and friend he was a peer of the best.

He was wealthy at one time—before the war. Now he was poverty-stricken, battling with poverty, though not fearing it as he fought it; but he owed no man anything, and he never failed to pay that just homage due from creature to his Creator.

In those earlier days, when slaves filled the cabins on the edge of the forest and spirited horses stamped in the stables which were now falling, when golden grain grew on the broad acres which are now covered with a vast growth of grass and herbs, he had the air of paying incessant attention to everybody and everything; his heart was always open to the negroes;

his hand was free and his life was ideal. He then gloried in the disbursement of money, the acquisition of which he seemed to adjure.

Now he is as a stranded ship on the shores of time; but he met this poverty with a smile, sad but yet a smile; he is still the same genial gentleman, fond of his old friends and associations.

I have often met him in the shaded road which leads to the village church, seated beside his good wife in the old coach that long ago bore men of state to the grand old country mansion where hospitality was ever dispensed by its master. The coach may have looked dusty, its massive wheels unpainted, the whole equipage ponderous and unsightly; but see him as he alights from it, and in his manner, grand and courtly exchanging neighborly courtesies with his neighbors. How they love and respect him! He is among them a king, a man revered of all. They crowd around him, each with extended hand; and he feels as he receives these greetings that there is something yet in life, for to him life is made up of associations and friends. His coat may be slick from many brushings, the hat shiny and battered, the boots not of the quality he once wore, but glance at the polish.

Then he enters the church and wends his way to his accustomed pew; and the sermon concluded, he is called upon to pray. His voice falls like a benediction upon the ears of the reverent assembly, and rises richly up as a holy incense from the midst of a countenance that seems lit with the very sunshine of heaven. He pours out his soul in supplication for his fellow-creatures; he prays that during all time his "logical faculty may discharge its function morally, and that his moral faculty may discharge its function logically."

He was a physician. On one frosty morning he was on his way to see a sick negro, who was thought to be in a very critical condition with fever, when a fox darted across the road directly in front of him, closely pursued by a pack of hounds in full cry. The hunters

were close on the track of the dogs, and, as they rushed past, they recognized the doctor, and called:

"Come and join us. We have jumped a red fox, and he will probably run all day."

This was more than the human nature of the doctor could bear, so calling to a boy who was luckily passing, he said:

"Here, Tob" (putting his thumb and forefinger into his vest pocket), "take this box of pills down to old Bart's cabin, and tell him to take one every four hours until I see him."

Away went Tob with the pills, and away chased the doctor after the fox. The chase was so long and exciting that the doctor did not see his patient until the following day, when walking into his cabin he discovered him much improved, free from fever, cheerful and happy.

"Well, Bart," said he, "how are you to-day?"

"I feel 'most well, marse. I dun eat a big bre'kfust dis mo'nin', an' wanted mo'. It was de fus' mou'fle I'se eat in a week, and it was de fus' wittles what tasted good to me. I dun git better ten minits af'er I tuk dem things. 'Liza, she dun try to make me 'lieve dey was 'cussion caps, but I jest knowed you wouldn't give me no 'cussion caps fer medlson, an' I tuk 'em jest like Tob sed."

The doctor looked wise, as doctors do under embarrassing circumstances, put the thumb and forefinger mechanically into his vest pocket, and found the pills he had prepared for Bart the day before, and realized that in the hurry and confusion of the chase he had sent him a box of percussion caps which had been left in his pocket from the previous day's quail shooting. He was equal to the emergency, however, and cheered the patient by saying:

"Well, Bart, it is a new remedy, that has certainly done you good, and you have the honor of having taken the first dose in North Carolina."

And the doctor, in telling his friends of it afterward, always used it to substantiate his theory of mind controlling matter.

MONOCHROMES.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

IN GRAY.

THE red rose withers in the wind and rain ;
Where once it bloomed, the thorns alone remain ;
Dead in the wet the rain hath stamped the rose.
The day was dim ; now eve comes on again,
Grave as a life weighed down with many woes—
So is the joy dead, and alive the pain.

The brown leaf blows where late the green leaf died ;
Bare bend the boughs, and bleak the forestside ;
The wind is moaning through the last red leaf.
The eve was wild ; now dusk comes weird and wide,
Gaunt as a life that lives alone with grief—
So doth the hope go, and despair abide.

An empty nest hangs where the wild-bird fled ;
Along the west the sky was stormy red ;
The frost is subtle as a serpent's breath.
The dusk was sad ; now night is overhead,
Grim as a soul brought face to face with death—
So life lives on when love, its life, lies dead.

II

IN BLACK.

Go your own ways. Who shall persuade me now
To seek with flushed face for a star of hope ?
Or up endeavor's unsubmissive slope
Advance a bosom of desire, and bow
A back of patience in a thankless task ?
Alone beside the grave of love I ask,
Shalt thou? or thou?

Leave go my hands. Fain would I walk alone
The easy ways of silence and of sleep ;
What though I go with eyes that cannot weep,
And lips contracted with no uttered moan,
Through rocks and thorns, where every footprint bleeds,
A dead-sea path of barren night that leads
To one white stone !

Though sands be black, and bitter-black the sea,
Night lie before me and behind me night,
And God within far heav'n refuse to light
The consolation of the dawn for me ;
Between the shadowy bournes of heav'n and hell,
It is enough, love leaves my soul to dwell
With memory.



Madame de Staél.

CHATEAU DE STAEL.

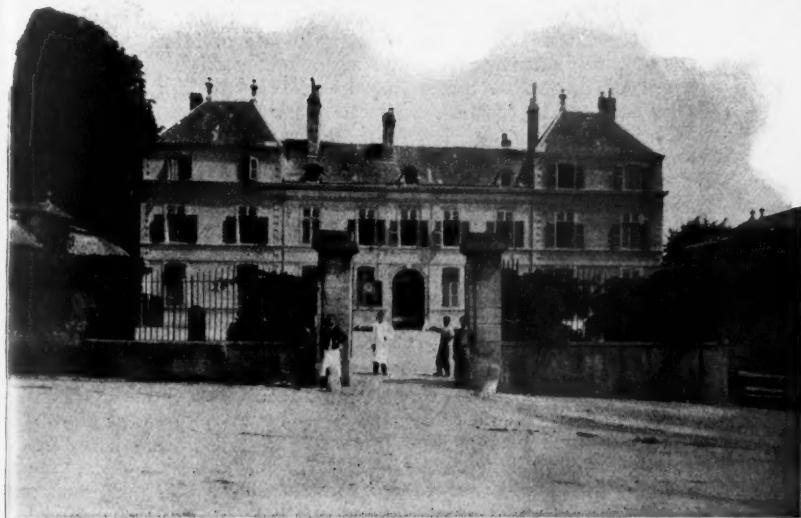
BY JEANIE SCOTT.

SUCH virile genius! and yet, the genius of a woman. To the name of Necker de Staél hangs all of the glamour, the romance, the reverence for a certain little town on the shores of Lake Leman, a small town which, for more than a century, has been the Mecca of those who come to worship and to wonder, to worship genius and to wonder at its tenacity. Were it not for the far shedding beacon kindled more than a century ago by a woman's mind, Coppet would live its life unknown, unsought—a drowsy little village which the stranger would hardly think to enter.

After a ride of three-quarters of an hour from Geneva, you leave the boat, climb the narrow sloping street, and are confronted by the iron portals of the chateau. Should you go on Thursday, you mingle with the crowd

of sightseers armed with the inevitable *baedeker*, who have unquestioned access between the hours of two and six. Our first visit, however, was on Tuesday day and we found the gates closed. The robust *concierge* seemed obdurate. Appeals were of little value; even the impressive assertion that a young lady with us was called Corinne for the great novel, had no effect. Finding that oracular persuasion was unavailing, we suddenly bethought ourselves that "every cloud has a silver lining." For a glittering five franc piece the gates were opened wide, and we found ourselves for the time in possession of the chateau and its vast park.

What a noble place of exile! The mansion itself has no superior attractions, but the park—yes, it is the park which holds you under a spell. Its shaded avenues, its unexpected dells



Chateau de Staél.

with tangled undergrowth of roots and ferns and flowers. The impetuous stream which rushes over stock and stone only to throw itself from the precipice—a turbulent torrent. Except for the splashing of waters and the trilling of birds, there is an impressive silence. Silence where once were the favorite haunts of congenial spirits, of gay humor, of keen bladed sallies and flashing repartee! Those same trees had spread their branches over the heads of Madame de Staél and her friends, they who gave her little opportunity to feel that sense of *ennui* which she so much dreaded—such friends as the beautiful Recamier, the Duchesse de Courlande, Werner, "the apostle of love", the young Guizot, Schlegel, the *grundlich*, De Montmorency, unfailing in the loyalty of his friendship, and last, but greatest in her woman's eyes, Benjamin Constant, he who held the key, and played upon the harp of her soul until, in time, its music was all for him. Unhappy in her marriage with the Baron de Staél, her volcanic nature sought an outlet for its continual fire, and it was the handsome and witty Constant whom she crowned with the strength of her devotion.

Eager to win the crown, he afterward held it but lightly, then began to weary of it as of a burden.

Madame de Staél somewhere says that the source of true happiness lies in enthusiasm, and assuredly it was the spring of her own nature. To her, feeling and expression were identical. "There is no interval between thought and speech," she said. Indeed, her thought seemed to have its birth in speech. Conversation was her inspiration and her muse. There was lacking in this wonderful nature a certain self discipline. She always reached her goal in running—to her there was no medium course, no moderation. So completely would she submerge herself in whatever subject she followed, that her friends laughingly told this little story as an illustration :

One day, she and three kindred spirits made an excursion into Savoy. One of the party was Benjamin Constant, and the two great minds began a passage at arms. Suddenly a violent storm broke over them, making the roads temporarily impassable. The carriage was driven under a *porte cochere* as a refuge from the rain, and there it remained for several hours.

All of this passed unnoticed by either Constant or Madame de Staël. Their words came thick and at white heat, from the forge of an active brain. Nor did they cease talking until the party arrived at Coppet.

This was the woman who, in Paris, had effaced the queen. A woman, plain of feature who was more sought, more observed, more conspicuous than the beautiful and gentle Marie Antoinette!

Napoleon, who had hitherto bent and broken every resistance, found himself checkmated by a woman. He could not bend her, so he sought to break her spirit. Her zeal for liberty and for the political and religious freedom of France was a firebrand to him. Through loyalty to her, several of her friends received letters threatening them with banishment. Among them was Juliette Recamier, whose indifference to the emperor was in no wise soothing to his egotism.

It was while at Coppet that Madame de Staël contracted her second marriage—the marriage with young De Rocca, a man of twenty-three, an officer who came to Geneva from the war in Spain, wounded and in need of rest and care. He was aristocratic, handsome and an intrepid soldier, whose nature was full of a rare combination of tenderness and strength.

Although nearly twice his age, Madame de Staël's pity for the wounded soldier developed into adoration of the man. It seems that he gave her an equal measure of devotion, for he said to some one: "I shall love her so dearly that she will end by marrying me." And this she did in 1811, though for some time it remained a profound secret.

Under the spell of her happiness, Coppet was infused with a spirit of enthusiasm almost unprecedented. She wrote such tragedies, and fired zeal into her friends who played the parts. They began to marvel and whisper among themselves, "She has forgotten Paris!"

Clouds gathered in her sky, danger threatened and one of her friends

wrote of the emperor, "He will mete to you the fate of Marie Stuart, nineteen years of anxiety and a tragedy at the end!" Feeling as great fear for her soldier husband as for herself, she determined to take flight. Her mental worries only found relief in a sleep produced by opium, and she longed for death as a panacea.

Leaving her De Rocca child, a tiny infant, to the tender care of a friend in the Bernese Jura, she set out with her other children (two sons and a daughter), while De Rocca followed at a distance. They were bound for St. Petersburg, their route being by way of Vienna, and she spoke of Russia as the "last refuge of the oppressed."

After a weary tossing on the tempestuous sea of circumstance, this great mind drifted to the port whence it started. Again Madame de Staël found herself in her beloved Paris, in the Rue Royale. Her friends sought her, and once more she became the center of admiration; but it was not the same, the complexion of things had changed. What had hitherto seemed natural and spontaneous in human nature had become, as it were, servile and artificial. Under the new régime, she detected a bowing and cringing mockery. Her own nature never recovered its elasticity. Between the long borne burden of mental anxieties and a constant use of opium, her bodily strength began to suffer. She sought to recover that and renew her interest in life by a tempest of gaieties. Morning, noon and evening found her entertaining a host of convivial spirits; but it did not serve as proof against the dread malady, for the stroke came, and that suddenly.

Every care was given by her husband who, though weak and suffering himself, was unceasing in his watchful devotion. Her thought of death was that it should be to man as evening to the day. Her own was just such a quiet one as this, for, on the thirteenth of July, she fell asleep in the evening and never awoke.

THE AUTHOR OF DIXIE.

BY JOHN L. GANS.

TO have been an originator of negro minstrelsy may appear to some persons as an empty honor. If any honor attaches to the authorship of "Dixie's Land," that simple ballad of Southern life, which was more potent than flights of oratory to impel those of the gray to deeds of valor, it has, indeed, been unfruitful. Unfruitful to the person to whom both of these distinctions are due, for to-day he is virtually an object of charity, living with many of the most simple wants of life often unsupplied.

In a plain, one story, two-room house, built of rough-looking boards, set up and down, and resembling a stable more than a dwelling, and standing a short distance north of Mount Vernon, Ohio, lives Daniel Decatur Emmett, the unhonored, and in a measure, unknown author of Southland's most favorite song. On the 29th of October he celebrated his seventyninth birthday. For more than ten years past he has suffered almost the extremes of poverty, or at least to such an extent that "hoe it down an' scratch de grabbel" has been of full significance to him. Through it all he has retained a certain cheerfulness and pride which have often enabled him to conceal his privations, while any complaint, if he has had any, as to the hard conditions of his lot, have never been given utterance. Yet, hard lines have come into his face, due it is charitable to suppose, more to physical suffering than a calloused disposition. In the presence of friends, or when recalling the "old times dar am not forgotten," his grizzled and wrinkled face assumes a cheery expression and his steel-grey eyes sparkle with the brightness of youth.

The place which Emmett calls home is situated on part of a tract of land which was patented by his maternal grandfather Zerick, when Thomas Jefferson was President. By entail

Emmett came into possession of a portion of the original grant. Straitened circumstances have, from time to time, forced him to sell parts of it, until there now remains but about an acre, upon which the house stands. Here, as a pensioner of the Actors' Fund of New York, the author of "Dixie," and one of the original "end men," will await the summons from that land to which all "am bound to trabbel."

Into the three-quarter century of his existence has been crowded many varied experiences. By the time he had attained his majority he had become a journeyman printer in the office of a local paper. True to the inborn instincts of the average journeyman he early acquired a desire for change of scene, and with his printer's rule as a talisman, and with a few dollars as a contingent fund, he set his face eastward. After journeyings to and fro he eventually turned up in New York. Tiring of the sights of the metropolis he took passage for England. After a protracted stay there, during which he visited Scotland and Ireland, he returned to New York and to work at the case. To while away the long winter evenings, Emmett and a number of his friends at Mrs. Brooks' boarding house on Catherine street, organized a musical club, the principal instruments used, being violins and banjos. The members of the club, including Emmett, Frank Brower, "Dick" Pelham and "Billy" Whitlock, rapidly became proficient as amusement-makers and for the sport of it one evening gave a concert. With soot from the kitchen chimney they made up to represent darkies. A score or more of fellow-boarders and friends were present and the program rendered made a decided hit, and the entertainers were prevailed upon to consent to giving a public performance. Whitlock, who perceived the superior drawing qualities of such a combination, took upon

himself the duties of backer, press and advance agent. Being a firm believer in the efficacy of printers' ink he had spread on every available space huge posters announcing that "the celebrated Virginia Minstrels" would give their initial performance in New York, in Chatham Theater, on Saturday night, February 17, 1843.

This entirely new departure in theatrical attractions drew an immense crowd on the opening night. The performance was simply an imitation of the real and fancied amusements and pastimes of the southern negro on the plantation. The novelty of the entertainment caught the fancy of the first nighters who warmly applauded the efforts of these primitive burnt cork artists. The success of the venture was assured from the outset, and for twenty consecutive nights the attraction played to standing room only. Whitlock had staked his all on the experiment, raising funds by a temporary loan with his watch and other valuables as collateral. His share of the proceeds amply reimbursed him and he at once made arrangements to take his minstrels on the road. In the several large cities which were visited, the New York success was repeated and the minstrel show from that time became a permanent theatrical attraction. Other companies were also organized and the original band was soon absorbed by the larger aggregations. In the course of a few years, Emmett became attached to "Jerry" Bryant's minstrels as one of the leading men. The program of the performance was at that time much the same with all companies, the conclusion being a "walk around" by the company to the tune of a negro melody. "Old Dan Tucker," written by Emmett, had about lost cast as a popular closing air and Bryant gave an imperative order to Emmett one Saturday night to have a new walk-around ready by Monday. A rainy Sunday was spent by Emmett in writing the words and music of "Dixie's Land." The company was at this time (spring of 1859) filling an

engagement at Mechanics' Hall, New York. On the Monday night following the day of its composition "Dixie" was first heard by New Yorkers. The song met with instant success and soon proved the drawing card of the show. After the New York engagement had been concluded, a tour was made of the principal cities of the South. Everywhere the song was received with the heartiest manifestations of approval. The air became popular with amazing rapidity and in a short time it was hummed by every one, master and slave alike.

The song, both in words and spirit, was so faithful a portrayal of Southern scenes that its adoption by the people of the South as sort of a national air was spontaneous. At this time the mutterings of the approaching war were being heard, and the mustering of the boys in gray gave abundant opportunity for popularizing the minstrel ballad.

Emmett later became a member of Christy's and other minstrel organizations, and continued in the business for a number of years. At last, broken in health, and past his days of usefulness as an end man, he returned to his Ohio home, where he has since remained. In the days of his prosperity he failed to provide for the infirmities and necessities of old age. In this respect he differs but little from other black face celebrities. At odd times since his retirement from the stage, he has appeared in public, upon the occasion of charitable entertainments and the like, and has always been received in such a manner as has recalled his former successes. Probably his last public appearance was in Mount Vernon in last June at a benefit performance of the Benevolent Order of Elks. His reception was an ovation, and although badly crippled in the hands with rheumatism, he played "Dixie" with all the fervor of youth. As he bowed himself from the stage after repeated recalls he tottered to a chair in the wing, and, overcome with a flood of recollections, gave vent to his feelings in tears.



OF the men who have attained to great note in American literature, there is not one, perhaps, who so had the affections of his readers as Oliver Wendell Holmes.

We have no center of authority to fix a writer's place in literature; and if we had, there is no certainty that it would long remain fixed, for the American believes in individuality. If we had a collective center of authority composed of contemporaneous representative men of letters, it is doubtful, too, whether it would give the *Autocrat* the place that has been given him by the older individual readers of American books. By attrition various individual opinions come by and by to form a verdict that may safely govern one, and when this verdict is reached concerning the place the *Autocrat* is to have, we may be fairly sure that his name will be among the immortals.

Doctor Holmes was the last of the famous group of American literary men that were born in the first quarter of the present century. They were all, or almost all, New Englanders. For a long time those who have come under the influence of this group have been asking themselves, and the public, too, whenever they could get a hearing, who is to take the places of these great minds that have gone from us.

It puzzles one to know sometimes whether these bereaved souls are serious in asking this question, or whether they ask it to assure themselves of their loyalty to those whom they have so long looked to. If it be the latter, it is a credit to their hearts, but it does not commend itself further. If it be a matter of sincere affection, one might say they should not wish these places filled by others. To the great number of us who separate the work from the man and from the

influence the man has had upon us, it hardly seems worth the while to have so great a concern as to who is going to take the man's place. The man has his appointed time, he does his part in the great order of things, and then takes his rest. Is anybody greatly concerned as to who and when others will come to take the places of Shakspere and Goethe?

As for the moral aspect of literature there is no doubt but we shall always have teachers capable of directing us rightly if we will but follow them; and each age is most certain to find the best means of impressing its lessons upon us. For nineteen hundred years we have all drawn our inspiration from the same source, and those who have understood this fact least or have perverted it most, have left no lasting impression behind them, however pleasing or forcible they may have been in what they had to say.

But after all, the great majority of people who read books do not read them for any kind of instruction. They may read to be entertained or to be amused, and current things, or the current manner of telling what has happened or what may happen, is pretty sure to find the greatest favor with them.

And further, is there not something in getting the start of the majestic world? When this group of New England literary men first began to write, there were not many writers in America; and, proportionately, there were certainly not as many readers capable of nice discrimination in literature as there are now. It was easier then to make a name. If people have not many gods they will have greater reverence for the few that they have; and if the gods become too numerous, the most of them are apt to be little looked up to. They may be quite as omnipotent as

they were when there were fewer of them, but their numbers bring them into close contact with their worshipers, and one should not get too close to one's gods any more than the master should get too close to his valet.

FOLLOWING closely upon the news of the death of the *Autocrat*, comes word by mail from far off Samoa that Robert Lewis Stevenson, too, is dead. Those who know this delightful man through "Memoirs and Portraits" and "Virginibus Puerisque" have loved him no less than Dr. Holmes was loved. In fact the place he had in their hearts will forever remain filled by his spirit, for where there is much now there was a void before. What the *Autocrat* had to say seemed always for those in whom the warm blood of vigorous life coursed freely. Notwithstanding his many years he seemed not born to die, and he had a way of making his readers think this is too good a world to leave. We are all more or less inclined to think this way, and when we find one who shows us only the bright side of things, we cling very closely to him. Dr. Holmes, one must think, would have been a good person to have about a sick room where one is confined for a short time, looking forward to the day when he should go back to his office or to his counting-room, and to his friends at the club. But to the serious-minded man who has been pressed hard by one misfortune after another, or upon whom death has fixed his seal far in advance, condemned to suffer and to wait indefinitely for the end, well-tired of the fight and making it bravely only for those who would suffer if it were not bravely made, the *Autocrat* can hardly appeal so strongly.

What touches the traveler most in health-giving countries is the invalids one meets; and what the traveler sometimes thinks, and what the invalid concludes at last is that the fight is not worth what one sacrifices to make it. What the invalid most desires is to be no longer pulled about from place to place, to be no longer looking into the face and answering the questions of a new doctor every week. He wishes all this done with, and to have a place to go where loved ones may be about and where the tired and worn body may suffer least from the great odds against it. It was this that took Robert Louis Stevenson to Samoa to make his home.

Life for him from the beginning was a serious affair, but he looked it bravely in the face and met its demands with as little complaint as is given man to do. He got much out of it, and he has helped others to get much out of it. Just whether what he got was much to him within itself can be known only to those who knew him personally; but what he seems to teach is that the great importance of majestic living is that we may live again.

WHILE the formers of literary reputations are engaged with their self-imposed task of looking about despairingly for one to take the place of another who has gone, the reading world goes unconsciously on with "Trilby." If one were to ask an intelligent layman if he thought *Trilby* had come to stay, he might reply by asking whether the precious *Heavenly Twins* were not very early gathered to their fathers, and whether "Ships That Pass In The Night" are ever sighted again. He might say that it were well for *Trilby* to make the most of the present, and that as for her creator's place in literature that would be taken care of by posterity. Cynicism of this kind cuts some of us a little deeply, and makes us wonder what we are here for.

Work goes on notwithstanding the fact that every day death takes away some of the best men in every department of human activity. Men will write books and publishers will continue to print them, and the critics will go on having their say; but they must realize more and more as time goes on that evolution is at work upon their craft; that their office is coming more and more to be the creation of taste upon lines not hitherto much followed; that excellence may be limited, but that it is not circumscribed, and that they are preaching to an audience that even now is more cultured than the critics suspect—an audience that wishes reason rather than dogma.

THE lynching problem is about to get itself solved through the strained relations between Ohio and Kentucky over inter-state comity. The Governor of Kentucky has made a requisition on the Governor of Ohio for a Kentucky criminal charged with "shooting with intent to kill." The Governor of Ohio honored the requisition, but Judge Buchwalter of Cincinnati declines to

deliver the prisoner to the Kentucky authorities until he shall have had assurances from the Governor of Kentucky that the prisoner shall not be lynched. The Governor of Kentucky intimates that the conduct of Judge Buchwalter may in the future be a factor in governing Kentucky in matters of like character.

Possibly Judge Buchwalter's position may be sustained by the courts. If it should be, lynching statistics in Kentucky and Ohio will no doubt hereafter be more in keeping with the conduct of orderly government. Neither State seems capable of giving either its good citizens or its criminals adequate protection against murder on the one hand, or mob violence on the other.

If by refusal to surrender one another's criminals they should be able to stop lynchings, that would be one step further on the road toward immunity from mob violence. It is fair to assume that the better element of citizens, both in Ohio and in Kentucky, wish their criminals punished. So the next step should be toward an agreement that at stated times the authorities of each State proceed with each other's criminals to a place, to be agreed upon by both, and there give them trial and dispose of them according to law.

A plan of this kind offers great possibilities. There are many States in the Union that are unable to convict criminals, or to prevent mob violence; and an Inter-state Court Clearings Association might be established among all the States, to be located in some orderly community, say Illinois or Pennsylvania.

Just now Kentuckians are resenting Judge Buchwalter's insult, and what they believe to be his assumption of authority. It is to be hoped the good people of the State, who wish the laws enforced, may not protest too far; for certainly nothing could so much impress upon every one of them the necessity for reforming their methods of dealing with crime as the spectacle of Ohio rebuking Kentucky.

State pride is to be commended so long as it is not merely an end within itself; but it is not to be commended when one justifies the bad conduct of one's own State by saying that it is not so bad as another's. It is the place of Ohio to correct its own disorders, and if Ohio does not do it, Kentucky is not thereby dispensed from correcting its own.

In the absence of a good State example we are too apt to consider this matter merely in a relative light. Both in Ohio and in Kentucky life is held too cheaply. Lawlessness of every kind is too common. It is not to be got rid of either by calling names.

* *

WHILE it is usually the Pharisee that voluntarily takes his brother into keeping it is not always so. Judge Buchwalter may be thoroughly honest in wishing to use his authority for the common good; and mob violence may be as offensive to him when it is exercised in Ohio as it is when exercised in another State.

The fact that a single instance of lynching passes without strenuous effort on the part of the authorities to punish it, is within itself an acknowledgement of the inability of the authorities to enforce the law; or else it implies public sympathy with the lynchers, and there is no reason to suppose that any number of lynchings in the same community, and for cause equally as aggravating as the first, would modify that community's sentiment until the wrong of it were brought forcibly forward by communities that suffer little from crimes that seem at times and in particular instances to justify lynch law. It follows, therefore, that in a community where, for a heinous cause, a lynching has gone unpunished, another and still another, for a like offense would go unpunished also; and it follows further, that a community that is subject to a continuous repetition of crimes that are at times followed everywhere by punishment at the hands of the mob, is not more blameworthy for the lax execution of the law than a community is where these crimes are of less frequent occurrence.

This by way of elucidation, and not in apology for any State's mob violence. There is no justification for the mob when the country is at peace and when the law might be executed. Day by day it grows more menacing. Public opinion justifies its swift punishment of outrages upon women, and it feels at liberty then to take into its hands the punishment of the murderer, who too often escapes through the law's delay or the loopholes of criminal practice. Finally comes mob punishment for the lesser crimes, ending in white-capism, the mob spirit for avenging personal grievances.

The unbecoming sectional spirit of Judge

Buchwalter in trying to sustain his position is to be deprecated. Sectionalism is not at all in the issue. If it were, it would be such an insignificant factor as to do little good, and it has done a good deal of harm. It has led too much to saying that this is Kentucky's affair, when such is so only to a limited extent. It is the affair of every lover of order, of every man with money invested in Kentucky enterprises, of every friend of Kentucky, wherever he may chance to live.

Judge Buchwalter missed an opportunity to express a sentiment that he must know is gaining a strong hold in every State in the Union; and that sentiment is that there is no one upon whom the blame for mob violence rests more heavily than upon the members of the profession to which he belongs. Rightly or wrongly, it is argued that they are at fault; for however few of them there may be in the legislature, their views are always deferred to in the making of the laws. In the absence of law covering specific cases, their decisions from the bench are cited as precedents for governing other cases. In fact, the whole machinery for the making and the execution of the laws is in their hands, and if the laws are bad, or if they are good, and insufficiently executed, it is all of their own doing. That this sentiment is not altogether justified in fact does not lessen its force in the minds of the multitude; and there is a lesson to be got from it, if "the court wishes to be advised."

There is one way out of this difficulty which seems simple enough to a novice, and that is the establishment of an urgency court to try crimes that so greatly incense the public. This court might sit where the crime is committed, and give precedence to cases that are most urgent. Murderers and perpetrators of the more brutal crimes, from the time of incarceration, should be allowed to see their immediate family, their lawyer and their religious counselor only; and when the criminal is executed there should be no one else present except the necessary officers, and two or three witnesses of the execution, to be designated by the court. The brutal criminals in the communities where lynchings

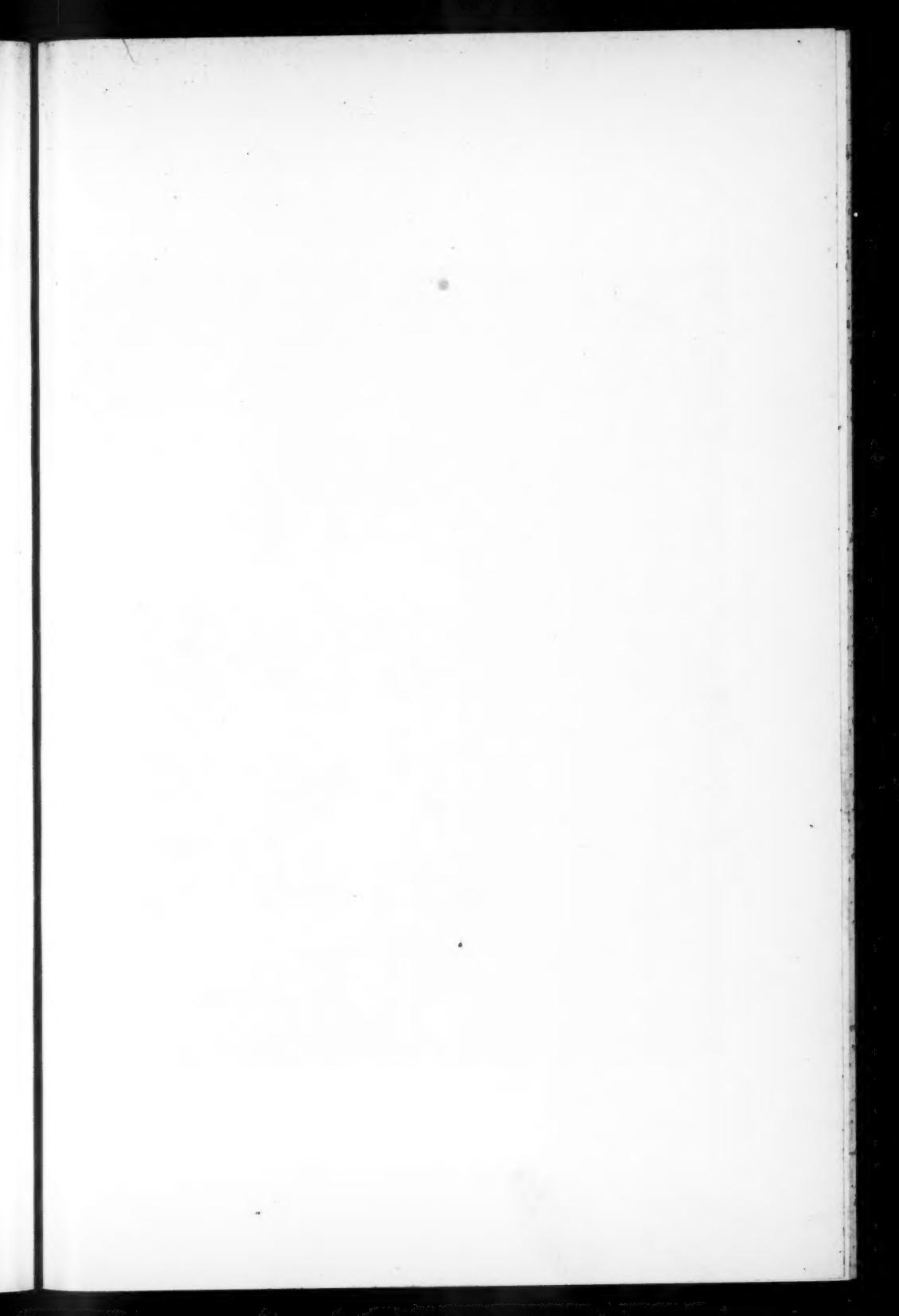
are most frequent, delight in nothing so much as in the publicity that comes from the coarse and stupid curiosity of the people given to making heroes of them; and to be allowed to speak upon the scaffold, to have a dramatic spectacle, to show their nerve, with the knowledge that all this will be recorded in the daily papers for the benefit of the prurient, is to them sufficient compensation for an ignoble death. Solitary confinement, no flowers, no cigars, no wines, no newspaper reporters to parade themselves before, the priest dismissed when preparation for the scaffold is begun, the trap sprung in the presence of strange faces only, all this would soon have a salutary effect upon a class to whom the mock-heroic means immortality.

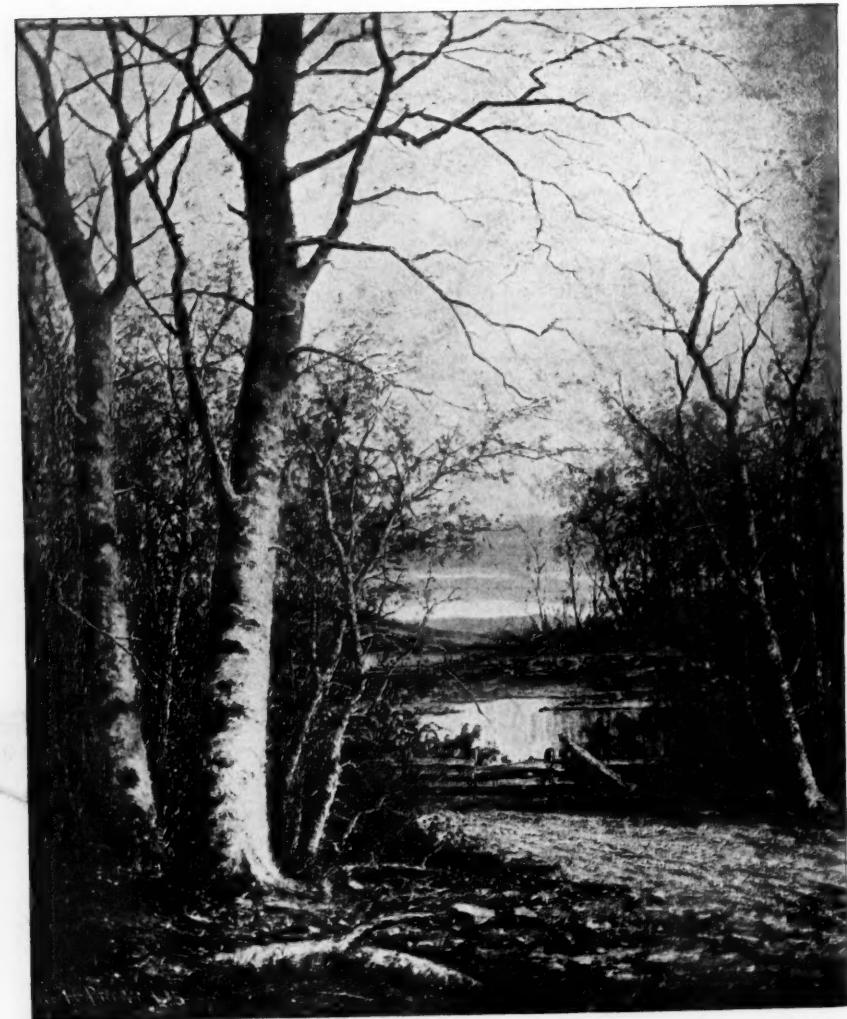
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THIS Magazine in the future will seek from every quarter the best material to be obtained. It will represent time-spirit in literature, and will endeavor to commend itself as a national medium of cultured thought. Articles written in a bitter or an unkind spirit will not be published. Carefully prepared articles will be examined, and accepted or returned as quickly as is practicable, and all accepted manuscripts will be paid for. It is desired that no contributions be submitted that are not such as to merit pay. The immediate scarcity of material necessary for the making of a publication of the standard we have set for ourselves is no discouragement to us.

No reflection upon the former management of the Magazine is in any way here implied. What it accomplished, beginning entirely anew, is creditable to the enterprise of those who directed it. With limited resources, it secured a great deal of matter of a high character, which was fully appreciated as attested by the large subscription list turned over to the new management with the good-will of the Magazine.

The difficulties incident to reorganization and the necessary haste to get out the first number under the new management make the departments incomplete, but this will be corrected in ensuing numbers.





Painting by Carl C. Brenner.

Owned by E. Klauber.

"The River Road."